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AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

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The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	457
THE MARSEILLES MURDERS	460
MORE ABOUT SOUTHPORT. By Kingsley Martin	461
REVOLT IN SPAIN	462
A LONDON DIARY	463
THIS ENGLAND	464
France's FRONTIER ON THE VISTULA. By Alexander Werth	465
ONE'S HABITS. By Y. Y.	466
CORRESPONDENCE	467
From Socialist Statistician; P.W.E.; Ashley Sampson; Geo. Irwin; Surgeon; Rema; Hubert Griffith.	
THE WAITING ROOM. By H. E. Bates	469
PLAYS AND PICTURES	470
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett	472
REVIEWS:	
The Rise and Fall of Liberalism. By J. L. Hammond	473
Reviews—*contd.*	Page
Educating the Working Class. By Gerald Barry	474
The Romantic Revolutionary. By Raymond Mortimer	513
A Life of Chopin. By W. J. Turner	513
"A German Poet." By Henry W. Nevinson	514
Liberty and Property.	516
New Novels. By Peter Quennell	518
The Great Compilation	520
Russian Ballet. By Olga Martin	520
B.O.P. By V. S. Pritchett	522
ABOUT MOTORING	523
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	524
CROSSWORD	526
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador	528
AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT (*see separate index*). Includes contributions by D. H. Lawrence; John Hayward; G. M. Young; W. J. Lawrence; G. W. Stonier; H. E. Bates; K. John; E. E. Kellett; Richard Church; David Garnett.	

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

IN the general grief and indignation at the outrage at Marseilles it was natural that France should take a leading part. But the behaviour of a section of the French press and public has passed the limits of decency and common sense. Condemnation of the police and demands for the resignation of the Minister of the Interior are mixed with threats of vengeance on "bandits" and an outcry for the expulsion of refugees of all kinds. This hysteria will, we hope, be short-lived. Obviously all the police and all the passport regulations in the world cannot give absolute protection against determined fanatics. In Jugoslavia, both the authorities and the populace seem to have kept their heads pretty well. The new king, a boy of eleven, snatched hurriedly from school in England, is on his way to Belgrade, and takes with him universal sympathy and good wishes. The unknown quantity is the Regency appointed by Alexander's will. They will be faced with grave problems at home and abroad, and to solve them they will have to do, not as well as, but better than, the late king. For he, with all his ability, made bad mistakes.

The End of the Spanish Rebellion

The revolt in Spain is now virtually at an end, though the strike has not been called off as we write, and isolated fights between workers and troops continue here and there. On another page of this issue a correspondent, who was in the thick of things in Madrid last week, explains the hopes and the plans of the revolutionaries. It was evidently, as they saw it, their last chance of checking the march of reaction, of saving Catalonia from the yoke of Castille, and the working classes from the capitalist and the landlord. They were no doubt right in their belief, but they miscalculated the strength of the forces against them. The result to date has been a pretty heavy list of casualties—killed, wounded and prisoners. Among the last are Señor Companys, who for a few hours—and against his will, it seems—was President of an independent Catalonia, and Señor Azaña, the ex-Prime Minister and chief architect of the Spanish Republic. What fate awaits them and others who have been captured we do not yet know. The Government do not appear to be in a bloodthirsty mood, and it is hoped that there will be no orgy of reprisals. But we may be certain that the Socialist and Labour movements will be put out of action effectually by the victors.

"Go to now, Ye Rich Men . . ."

Last week Herr Hitler was warning the poor in Germany of the necessity for pulling in their belts another hole or two. This week, in opening the great national charity fund, "Winter Help," he has addressed himself to the wealthy. He did not say outright, with St. James, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you!" But his appeal for philanthropy took a minatory form; he painted a fearsome picture of the kind of Communism that would overwhelm the rich if they were not prepared to make greater sacrifices. We hold no brief for the rich in Germany or anywhere else, and we certainly share Hitler's desire that the poor shall get a square deal. But can they—under his regime? "Winter Help" he describes as "one of the most monumental achievements of the Nazi Government." Its main methods are street collections, voluntary deductions from salaries and wages, house-to-house collections, and a one-course meal once a month in hotels, restaurants and homes—the saving on this going to the fund. Such a scheme might be justifiable, and tolerable, as a desperate measure in an emergency. But unless the Nazi Government can devise some genuine measures of economic reconstruction (and there is no sign that it can), the emergency looks like being permanent, and this "most monumental achievement" will be the most appalling advertisement of the rottenness of Fascism.

Mussolini's Policy

Mussolini also has delivered himself of a "speech to the workers." This was not, like Hitler's, composed of appeals and threats. It was exhortation and promise. The Duce urged his hearers, as he has urged them before, to be good Italians, good Fascists and good militarists. And he promised that the producers' paradise, which is the Corporate State, would give them all those material goods that comprise "social justice." But the Italian people are not only producers; they are consumers—and their consumption, despite all Mussolini's boasts, remains deplorably low Italy, in fact, though it is a little better off than Germany, has not found in Fascism a remedy for its discontents. Fascism imposes order by destroying freedom—and that is all, unless indeed the idealisation of war is to be counted a blessing. On that subject too, Mussolini touched in his speech, but in a more encouraging way than he sometimes does. He referred to the improvement in Franco-Italian relations, and he hinted at the possibilities of agreement with Jugoslavia, if only the Belgrade press would behave itself. This was, of course, before the assassination of King Alexander. But provided the Serbs do not indulge in any senseless demonstrations to irritate Italian feelings, there seems no reason why that unhappy event should prevent a *rapprochement* between the two neighbours.

Employment—A Fresh Stimulus Needed

In comparison with a year ago, the figures of unemployment show a substantial decrease in the great majority of trades, the chief exception being the woollen industry, which was enjoying a minor boom this time last year. The total increase in the numbers employed, as compared with last year, is put by the Ministry of Labour at 350,000, or over a million as compared with two years ago. There are undoubtedly grounds for satisfaction in these figures, the more because the improvement is pretty widely distributed over different industries and areas. The advance has been mainly in the home market; most of the export trades show little if any improvement in their exporting branches. What the figures do show is that a protective policy combined with currency depreciation has temporarily secured Great Britain a relatively favourable position in the world. We have not lost exports in proportion to the imports we have replaced by home products; and our plentiful supply of credit at low interest rates, which would have been impossible if we had remained on gold, has stimulated a large expansion in certain industries, notably building. The question is how much farther this improvement can go, without a general world improvement to help it. Our own prediction is that it can go substantially farther, but at a falling rate of advance unless some fresh stimulus is given to it. Now is the time when even a small stimulus may have a large effect. That is why there is at the moment an exceptionally strong case for completing the removal of the "economy" measure of 1931, and pressing on actively with road making, school-building, and the other schemes of national development that were put aside three years ago.

The Map of England

Among the minor "economies" which passed almost unnoticed by the general public was the paring to the bone of the activities of the Ordnance Survey Department. This Department, whose duty it is to map our country, has been systematically half-starved, and for the past three years starved nearly to death. The result is that the official maps are, for the greater part of the country, badly out-of-date—so much so as to be in effect unusable for any purpose for which even moderate accuracy is needed. This is annoying enough to those of us who still retain the use of our legs, or even wish to motor off the main road. But that is not the most serious part of the matter. For every sort of transaction that involves land, accurate mapping is indispensable. In default of action by the Ordnance Survey, many local authorities have been compelled to undertake surveys of their own at far higher cost, but without the advantage either of the Ordnance Survey Department's plant and technical skill, or of accessibility to the public. The Surveyors' Institution, which ought to know, estimate that an increased grant at a progressive rate of £10,000 a year would enable the necessary work to be done, though the catching up of arrears would necessarily take some considerable time. The surveyors are pressing for this modest increase; we hope every walker, every motorist, everyone interested in land from any point of view, and everyone who has a healthy dislike of idiotic cheeseparing will do what he can to support their claim.

Lancashire's Latest Plan

There have been a great many schemes for reorganising the cotton industry during the past few years; and all of them have broken down—mostly at the stage of preliminary discussion. Only one previous scheme has reached the practical stage. The new scheme seems to have a fair chance of securing acceptance, and of being effective within its limited range; though, as it will

require an Act of Parliament to make it workable, there are still plenty of difficulties to come. The proposal is to create a Cotton Spinners' Association, on a compulsory basis, to buy up and put out of action the redundant spindles in the trade, by means of a levy upon all the firms which remain in the field. The cost of doing this is estimated at only about £2,000,000, or an average of from £650 to £500 per firm. Usually we regard with the utmost scepticism proposals to make industry more prosperous by causing an artificial scarcity; but the cotton trade's position is quite exceptional, in that it has in the past exported some 80 per cent. of its output, and that no one supposes that even the greatest possible revival of world trade would bring Lancashire's exports back to anywhere near their old level. In these circumstances, there is a case for stopping "weak selling" by reducing the available plant to a point nearer the possible capacity of the market. Granted that the scheme has merits, it touches only the fringe of Lancashire's problem, which is so to improve the efficiency of both production and marketing that effective competition in the world market is possible over a wider range of goods.

The Peace Ballot

Lord Northcliffe used to say that no one had yet heard of Pear's Soap, and the point of that jest will be apparent to anyone who has ever tried to put over an idea in a country of 40,000,000 people. On this analogy, the League of Nations is still an obscure institution and the peace ballot, now being organised by the National Declaration Committee from the offices of the League of Nations Union, is abundantly justified if only because it will serve to make people think about our international obligations and ask for further information. The five questions are as unambiguous as short questions can be. Should Great Britain remain a member of the League of Nations? Are you in favour of an all-round reduction of armaments and the all-round abolition of military and naval aircraft by international agreement? Should private manufacture of arms be abolished? If a nation "insists on attacking another," should the other nations combine to stop it by (*a*) economic and non-military measures, and (*b*) if necessary, military measures? Such a ballot, if widely filled in, may give some general idea of the strength of feeling for and against the collective peace system. But this ballot does not escape the difficulties of other referenda. For the answers to the crucial question 5 depend, in the minds of very many people, on the prospect of succeeding in the objects detailed in questions 1 to 4. Most of us want all-round disarmament and agree that the aggressor should be stopped by international action. The question is whether you can have successful international police action if all the States are arming and arranging private alliances under the cover of the League.

Transport of Delight

The Minister of Transport continues to show a furious energy in his efforts to grapple with the traffic problem. True, his own beacon outshines all others, and in the comparative hush created by the no-hooting order some complain that the Minister's own trumpet can be heard too loudly, but the public will be quite ready to forgive his methods and to grant him all the kudos he can collect provided his plans show results. Though at the moment the competing arrangements for pedestrians in London are hopelessly confusing, we all believe that we shall know where we are soon and that we shall then have a better chance of surviving to old age; in any case, there is a certain amount of satisfaction to be derived from the mere fact of seeing something done after years of hand-wringing acquiescence in mounting slaughter. Road deaths last week were markedly fewer, but probably the decline was seasonal; next spring will be the time to watch the figures. Meanwhile Mr. Hore-Belisha has something big and far-reaching afoot in his proposal to take over all A and B class roads. This reform is badly needed if order is to be introduced into our road system.

Cheapness Pays

The Postmaster-General is to be congratulated on applying intelligence to public business. It was perhaps inevitable —though a business house would have been blamed for not foreseeing it—that the reduction in the charge for evening trunk calls to a flat-rate of a shilling should have led to initial congestion on the lines. It is unjust to belabour the Postmaster-General for a certain amount of inconvenience at the start, when the fact of the inconvenience is itself a tribute to the wide success of the scheme. Improvement has been rapid and no doubt within a short while delays will have been entirely eliminated. The great popularity of the concession has shown how ready the public are to take advantage of the long-distance telephone when it is brought within their means, and will encourage the P.M.G., we hope, to further enterprise. Within the last year the railway companies have found that their policy of cheap return fares in the summer met with so considerable a response that they decided to continue it during the winter. Why not now consider extending the cut to single fares as well? Between them, the Post Office and the railways are beginning to discover that cheapness pays.

Against the Sedition Bill

Among the immediate home problems that confront the Prime Minister on his return, none is more pressing than the future of the Incitement to Disaffection Bill. Mr. MacDonald has a great record as a pacifist and libertarian, and many who have followed him in the past have believed that this preposterous attack on our liberties would never have reached so advanced a stage if the Prime Minister had been in good health during the last six months of the parliamentary session. Everyone is glad that he is now in full vigour again. He is to be petitioned on the subject of the "Sedition Bill," not only by the Labour Party, but also by distinguished men and women of all parties. Mr. MacDonald can scarcely wish to go down to history as a Minister responsible for making it punishable to preach pacifism, and since the Bill has still to come up on Report stage, there is still time to withdraw it. An unusual protest meeting has been arranged by the Council for Civil Liberties for October 18th at 8 p.m. in the Central Hall, Westminster. The speakers include the Bishop of Birmingham, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. E. M. Forster, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, and Mr. J. B. Priestley.

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THE MARSEILLES MURDERS

THE world of to-day, inured to deeds of violence, is not easily shocked by a political murder. But the pity and terror of the tragedy at Marseilles on Tuesday were doubled and trebled by the circumstances. The principal victims were men of high reputation and of great public importance, and with them others were killed or wounded against whom the assassin could have had no possible grudge. Nor was this all. King Alexander was bound for Paris not on a pleasure trip, but on a diplomatic mission of the first moment, involving the welfare and, indeed, the lives of millions in Europe. To say that his death in this fashion and at this juncture has brought about "the gravest crisis since 1914" is a rhetorical exaggeration. But if it does not warrant panic, it is at least a ground for serious anxiety; it disappoints hopes and makes for further unsettlement in a distracted world.

The motive for the outrage seems to be plain enough. The assassin was a refugee Croat—a maddened patriot—and his act had for him, we must presume, all the virtue of tyrannicide. The King whom he killed had, as a man, admirable qualities. He was courageous, honest, clean living, strenuous and devoted in the service of his country. But the service of his country as he saw it was one thing; it was quite another to many of his subjects. Alexander was a dictator who had destroyed constitutional democracy in his kingdom. Some of his apologists say that he was a dictator *malgré lui*, that he only took despotic powers some five years ago as a desperate remedy for a desperate situation, and that he never intended them to be more than temporary. But his character and his upbringing do not suggest that he was a man with any profound belief in popular Government—his early training was in the court (the court of Tsarist Russia) and the camp. And in any case the fact remains that he had abated none of the substance of his autocracy down to the day of his death. This, however, was not the whole of the trouble. King Alexander might have been a benevolent dictator, and very likely a successful and even long-lived dictator, had he had a united people. But the new "Triune Kingdom" that was created after the war joined to the old Serbian State the Croats and the Slovenes, who had long been a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. And from the outset Croatia and Serbia were at odds. The Croats, like the Serbs, are a branch of the Slavonic race, but their history has kept them widely apart. Croatian civilisation and culture derives from the West, Serbian from the East. They are divided even in their religion, for the Croats are Catholics and the Serbs Orthodox. To weld these two elements into harmony was evidently a difficult task. Unhappily, in their short-sighted fear of separatism, the Serbian majority and the King himself, who of course was a Serb, rejected the right way—the way of federal Home Rule—and pursued a relentless policy of centralisation, which in fact meant the dominance of Serbia, the suppression of Croat aspirations for autonomy, the filching of Croat liberties. Croatia became the Ireland of the Triune Kingdom.

There were hopes of an accommodation after the death in 1925 of the foxy old Prime Minister, Paschith, the most inveterate of the Serbianisers. But these proved illusory; the struggle became more bitter, till it ended abruptly in 1928 in the murder of the Croatian leader, Stephen Raditch, and other deputies in the Parliament at Belgrade. It was then that the King decided to take the conduct of affairs into his own hands. At the beginning of 1929 he suspended the constitution and proclaimed a dictatorship accompanied by a number of administrative reforms. Those reforms were, from the Croatian point of view, a mockery. After two and a half years of the system the dictatorship was abolished—in name. But it remained in fact. The King still held the real power, and his Government—presumably with his full approval—carried on and intensified the harrying of the Croat opposition. It was said not long ago that he was by way of changing his mind and returning to a genuine parliamentary system. But there was no overt sign of this, and the Croats have continued to nurse their resentment and despair. That any of their responsible leaders instigated or countenanced the murder of the King there is no evidence at all, so far as we know. It is indeed hard to see what they could expect to gain from it. Severe as he was on them, they might easily find other Serbs who would be Rehoboams to his Solomon. Nor is there any basis for the belief that the King's death was to be the prelude to a general rising in Croatia. The Croats by themselves are no match for the Serbian Army, and where could they look for outside help? Italy and Hungary may offer them sympathy and a harbour for their refugees; but neither Italy nor Hungary is in the least likely to go to war for Croatian independence. What they have to hope for or to fear now can only be a matter for guessing. There is a danger, no doubt, of more persecution at the hands of the indignant Serbs. There is the possibility of a military dictatorship operating in Jugoslavia under the cloak of the regency. The regency in any case will be weaker than Alexander; whether it will prove worse or better for the Croats and for the country in general remains to be seen.

In international affairs the late King played a conspicuous role. He had recently been a party to the making of the Balkan Pact, and his visit to Bulgaria, whence he returned only a few days ago, was hailed as epoch-making. It did in fact give a real earnest of an improvement in the long and badly strained relations between the two countries. But the bigger question which was confronting him was Jugoslavia's relations with Italy and with France. The old antagonism between Italians and Jugoslavs has now been sharpened by the Austrian problem. Jugoslavia is bound in alliance to France, but she has seemed to view that alliance critically of late, and the more so since France and Italy have drawn—or been pushed—together. In all these circumstances Jugoslav policy is of prime importance—to France, to Italy, to Austria, to her partners in the Little Entente, to Germany outside the pale, or even, *pace* Lord Beaverbrook, to us across the Straits of Dover. Exactly what King Alexander wanted or intended was far from clear; we had hoped to get more light on it from his visit to Paris. In the present confusion it is useless to attempt prophecies. But this we may venture to say: the King's death (unless it should be followed by some other catastrophe) must not be assumed to mean a sudden or marked change in Jugoslav policy. He was not pursuing in foreign affairs a course of his own in opposition to the wishes of his ministers (M. Yevtitch, the Foreign Minister, was in the closest accord with him), of any

powerful section of public opinion, or, so far as one knows, of anybody who will now step into his shoes.

Still less reason is there to suppose that M. Barthou's death will have any immediate or considerable effect on French policy. M. Barthou was an able politician, and his loss will be felt. He had his own methods—peculiar and sometimes highly embarrassing methods. But the policy he was pursuing, of fortifying France by armed alliances, was not his own alone. It was the policy of the French Government and it was popular enough in the country, and indeed, under present conditions, it was one which few Frenchmen would not applaud. It had, like most foreign policies that we know, the defects of its qualities, and the defects may one day prove very serious. But it will in all essentials remain unchanged in the hands of M. Barthou's successor.

MORE ABOUT SOUTHPORT

My article last week about the United Front at Southport produced a valuable letter, printed this week, about Labour Party voting, and innumerable personal comments, ranging from enthusiasm to indignation.

The most pertinent comment may be summarised as follows. "Are not Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Ernest Bevin right in insisting on unity with an election in sight? Do these activities which they denounce really matter so much? Are they not, as Herbert Morrison said, a waste of energy which should be concentrated on the main purpose of obtaining a parliamentary majority?"

The answer is that it is not enough to concentrate on getting a parliamentary majority and that to stamp on spontaneous activities within the movement may not be the surest way of getting it. Let me take a recent illustration, in which the Labour Party could, I think, have secured a resounding success and in which it preferred, I think mistakenly, to give extremists a quite unnecessary kudos in many areas. Some time before his budget Mr. Neville Chamberlain announced a surplus. It was suggested that the unemployed should demonstrate in order to remind the middle-class public that the country's first duty was to restore the cuts to the poorest section of the community. Transport House was not encouraging. Indeed, one official seems to have learnt so much of bureaucratic technique as to answer that, since no one yet knew how Mr. Chamberlain would allocate his surplus, any demonstration before the budget would be improper. Thus the Hunger Marchers demonstrated under unauthorised auspices, and one unimportant Communist body, which united with a number of other organisations, gained an unfortunate and unnecessary kudos for its enterprise. I regard this as lamentable because, like Mr. Morrison, I should like a united Labour movement. I can cite many other instances. The Relief Committee for the Victims of German Fascism, which is now banned, admittedly did one good job of work in connection with the Leipzig trial, and a number of middle-class people who are not usually active in politics were brought into closer sympathy with the working class movement through its activities. After its work was under way, when it was clearly counting for something in the trial, a number of Labour leaders, including Mr. Arthur Henderson, honourably did all they could to help. But to me and to others who spoke on German Relief platforms and who helped to organise the counter-trial in London at that time it seemed absurd that there should have been any hint of friction between the Relief Committe and the Labour Party, or any doubts about the propriety of Labour leaders playing their part in this job of work. I know that many of them agreed with me then and agree now, and it is no reply in a case of this kind to say that experience has shown that "Communists don't play fair." That has very often been true, but the Communist issue simply would not have arisen if the Labour movement had backed this agitation in its early stages. Would these intellectuals, whom Mr. Morrison so amusingly twitted with innocence, ever have gone near one of these heretical platforms if there had been Labour platforms available for the purpose? Again, issues of liberty, questions of the right of public meeting and free speech, are constantly occurring in the Courts. Where Communists are concerned, we seldom find interest manifested by official Labour. And yet all issues of liberty have to be fought on behalf of extremists and often on bad ground. That has been true from the days of Wilkes to the days of early Unionism and Chartism down to to-day It is in the bad case involving irresponsible people that the legal precedent is established which is used later for the suppression of the responsible people. The principle involved in the conviction of Mrs. Duncan the other day, threatens one of the best established of legal safeguards. If a person may be punished not only for actual seditious utterances, but also for being suspected of being about to make seditious utterances on the ground that they once did so years ago, who will be safe? If this is sustained on appeal how many of our great Labour leaders with their heads erect, marching towards their parliamentary majority, have never said anything which could be used against them in a time of reaction?

I do not suggest that people like Mr. Henderson with his, tolerance and large-mindedness, and Dr. Dalton, with his shrewdness and trained mind, and Mr. Morrison, with his forceful and enthusiastic determination to get things done, are indifferent to such issues. The trouble is that the Labour Party is too much in the tradition of the old political parties. It concentrates on building its programme and on the majority to be won at the end of five years; for that purpose it organises political meetings and distributes leaflets. But this is not enough for a working-class movement which preaches a change of national life and not only a change of government. Politics have altered out of all recognition. People are no longer willing to wait to see what happens at the end of a five-year period. The world moves far too fast all around them. The forces of reaction do not wait until a Conservative Government is in power and then stand still. They are at work in every area nibbling fast at this liberty and then at that; attacking, naturally enough, the more extreme and irresponsible elements first, waiting for their opportunity to attack the great organisations when the time is ripe. No one can go to one of the great industrial areas where there is permanent unemployment without discovering that, while the minority of organised Labour is as faithful as ever to its leaders, there is also much disillusionment amongst those who feel themselves disinherited. They have lost their jobs and often the protection of their Unions, and they are not sure that the Trade Union and Labour leaders still care about them as they did. They no longer believe that everything will be changed by putting a Labour Government in power. If Socialism is more than the cry of a party and embodies the conception of a new life for the disinherited, it must not be content with meetings, and must not leave the organisation of the unemployed to agitators who may be as malicious as Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison think them, but who only get their chance when no one else does the job.

My regret about the attitude of the Executive at Southport was, I know, shared by many people whose opinions were not in the least "Left Wing." I regretted it because I am as anti-communist as Mr. Morrison. There was a certain lack of generosity towards people who are perfectly loyal to the Labour movement, but who realise that not everything can be done by Transport House and that in England great movements grow out of individual initiative. No doubt Transport House is often unfairly blamed; but, if it "cannot do everything," it should not complain if unauthorised people make their own blundering attempts. As an orthodox party machine it may be competent enough. It is staffed with experienced and loyal workers whose only fault is that they have not discovered that the political atmosphere and the political possi-

bilities have changed during the last few years more than in all the hundred years that preceded them. The central fact about politics to-day is that something like fifty per cent. of the electorate is not really interested in any of the old parties, and tends in ominous numbers not to vote for any of them. It is ready to follow any party that sounds "advanced" and which can convince them that it means business. It can only be captured by up-to-date methods. The key public for the Labour Party are young people under thirty who have been brought up without any memory of the great days of the political struggle before the war, who have never seen the party system working effectively in the House of Commons, who are quite prepared for change, but want to be given work to do for an end they can believe in. The centre of their education is the cinema. Having said that, I have provided a text on which any up-to-date propagandist or experienced advertising man could easily write a book. These young men and women, who will make the England of the quite near future, respond to new types of propaganda which Transport House has not yet learnt to use. There is a grave danger that they can be swept into the wrong camp by unscrupulous people who have watched the use of modern methods on the Continent. There is not the slightest reason why this should happen in England. The Labour Party, if it chooses a Secretary who understands the currents and methods of this age and takes over the organisation of the Labour Party with the skill that Schnadhorst once put into the revival of Conservatism in the eighties, may yet renew its youth and recapture its idealism as well as its votes.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

REVOLT IN SPAIN

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN SPAIN]

IN spite of its speedy collapse, the Spanish revolution cannot be dismissed as one more foolhardy uprising, doomed to failure from the very first. It was, on the contrary, a deliberately planned and perhaps unavoidable civil war—the real revolution to which the overthrow of the monarchy in April, 1931, was simply the bloodless prelude. Its failure is likely to result in a return, not to monarchy, but to a dictatorship of the blackest reactionary character.

Actually the insurrection was the culmination of two distinct movements. It represented, on the one hand, the explosion of a nationalist spirit which has been seething for centuries in Catalonia, and to a lesser degree in other provinces. At the same time it was the last desperate resistance of all the Left-wing forces in Spain to what they regard as the swift approach of a Catholic Fascist regime. Rather than wait passively for the same fate that overtook the labour movements of Germany and Austria, they chose to strike first. And there are excellent reasons for believing that their blow, despite its ineffectiveness, could not have been better timed.

The motives behind the revolt may be quickly summarised. Catalonia's grievance, for example, is notorious. The Catalan people are a separate race, speaking a language and steeped in a culture foreign to the rest of Spain. Alert and energetic, they have built Barcelona into the chief industrial centre of the peninsula. Although they pay nearly a third of the nation's entire tax bill, they have been governed since the fifteenth century by a strongly centralised Madrid Government, which has paid scant attention to their needs. Time and again their demands for independence have been answered with ruthless repression. Consequently, even when the 1931 constitution granted Catalonia a large degree of autonomy the clamour for complete separation was not quieted. Like the Irish, they refuse to be content with the substance of freedom; they insist on nothing less than absolute self government, unlimited in theory and fact. This spirit, during the last year, has led to open defiance of the decrees of the supreme court of the Spanish Republic, and the Catalan authorities have threatened to revolt if the decrees were implemented by force.

Apart from the Catalan problem, two other issues have precipitated the revolution. The Republican Government which succeeded the monarchy eighteen months ago laid down a programme for redistributing the vast estates owned by the Crown, the grandees and the religious orders, and for disestablishing the Church, expelling the Jesuits and setting up a secular educational system. To these two principles—agrarian reform and the rescue of Spain from the paralysing grip of the Catholic Church—every conscientious progressive is irrevocably committed, whatever his other opinions may be. They were the underlying purposes of the 1931 upheaval, and unless they could be translated into reality the shift from monarchy to republic was largely meaningless. The three Left-wing parties of Spain, at loggerheads over everything else, were agreed on these minimum aims; and the twin hatred of landlord and priest was the driving force behind all their rank and file.

This dual programme had been barely enunciated when Azaña's Left Republican coalition was driven from power late in 1933 by a hurriedly rallied coalition of monarchists, landowners, and the Catholic faithful. The reactionary elements had grouped themselves around Don Alexandre Lerroux's so-called Radical party and the Catholic Popular Action headed by Señor Gil Robles. Lerroux is a hesitant Liberal, anxious to maintain a bourgeois republic which shall not seriously disturb vested interests. Robles, a one-time professor and journalist, is a Conservative to the bone, wedded to the doctrines of monarchy, feudal agriculture, and Catholic piety. Not a man of great personal force, Robles is significant as the mouthpiece of the prelates and extreme Rightists. These two politicians, united in the first Lerroux Ministry, at once began a quiet sabotage of the whole Republican policy. They halted partition of the great estates and began to make friendly gestures toward the Vatican. Left-wing protests were answered by a cynical reorganisation of the Government, which put Señor Samper, a singularly ludicrous puppet, into the premiership. There he sat, an unhappy tool of Lerroux and Robles, until a few days ago.

Ever since the Conservative coalition took office the Left groups had been preparing for open warfare. They believed that they could never win a parliamentary election against the Radical-Catholic machine; and yet they believed passionately that this machine was betraying the very principles of the Republic. Moreover, they watched with terror the rapid growth of the Phalanx Español, a Fascist organisation under Primo de Rivera the younger, son of the former dictator.

This fear was barely sufficient to drive the rival Red parties into a semblance of co-operation, and even so their united front was temporary and insecure. The Syndicalist party, most powerful of the three, was dedicated to workers' management of industry with a minimum of Government control. The Socialists, slightly weaker with about a million active members, agitated for gradual State assumption of all productive functions, parcelling out of land among the peasants, and a parliamentary State split into partially autonomous provinces. The Communists, whose refusal to participate in elections kept their real strength hidden, clung to the traditional Moscow programme, including a strong central dictatorship and collective agriculture. The three groups hated each other almost as much as they hated monarchy. If they had succeeded in carrying through a joint revolution, they would have been certain to cut each other's throats over the formation of a new Government. For months all of them had been arming separately, partly with munitions smuggled from France and Portugal, partly—according to reliable reports—with rifles obtained from sympathisers in the Government's own forces.

When, on October 1st, Lerroux and Robles reorganised their coalition Government along still more reactionary lines, incorporating three Catholic Action representatives in the Ministry, the Left leaders decided that they must strike immediately or not at all. The time was particularly favourable, because a large section of the Spanish army was tied up in manoeuvres in the north-western mountain ranges of Leon.

The insurrectionary leaders argued along these lines:

"If we wait another month or two, the Government will take drastic measures to disarm us completely, and the Fascist strength will be too swollen for us to defeat. We can hope for some support from the Assault Guard, organised by Senor Azaña as a thoroughly Republican corps; in fact, its announced purpose is to counterbalance the old conservative Civil Guard, which Spain inherited from the monarchy. Catalonia, both Separatist and predominately Red, will be a pillar of strength. And if we can maintain our revolution for a week or more, the conscript army may come over."

The rebels, therefore, flung together a makeshift but fairly promising plan of attack. Instead of awaiting the meeting of the Cortes under the new Ministry, Senor Azaña—who calls himself a Left Republican, but acts and talks like a Socialist—hurried to Barcelona. In conjunction with Don Lluis Companys, president of the Catalonian provincial Government, and Miguel Badia, a powerful Separatist leader, he proclaimed a new federation of Spanish Republics. This confederation apparently was intended to include all the provinces along the north and east borders of the peninsula, where national feeling always has run strong. Its cores, however, were in Catalonia and Asturias. The Asturian miners were the best organised Red force in Spain; they alone had succeeded in making the united front an effective reality. They were well supplied with dynamite from the diggings. Seizure of the munitions factories at Oviedo would give them a store of arms. Finally, their mountains provided a natural fortress. Thus, if the Barcelona uprising were put down by the strong Government garrison always stationed there, the Asturians could be trusted to carry on the battle.

Meanwhile, Madrid would be isolated in the centre of its barren plateau. A general strike and sniping along the highways would paralyse troop movements toward the revolting provinces. As a matter of fact, the Madrid general strike had been deliberately rehearsed a month earlier, when Socialist leaders had stopped all work for one day—ostensibly to protest against a meeting of reactionary landowners, actually to test their own strength.

It is unthinkable that the insurrectionaries hoped to overthrow the Madrid Government immediately. The desperate attacks of the workers there and in the surrounding cities had only one object—to keep the army occupied until the provincial Governments had established themselves. This heroic and hopeless guerrilla warfare was entrusted to the leadership of Señor Largo Caballero, the head of the Socialist party and a man of tremendous personal ability. His labourers' militia was assisted, it seems, by many of the Madrid Communists and Syndicalists, although in other sections of the country the Syndicalists gave only half-hearted support to the movement. In Barcelona, particularly, the Socialists and Separatists had to carry on their fight alone.

The revolution failed primarily because the bulk of the army and the Assault Guard refused to turn against the Government. If it had succeeded, Spain would have been split into at least five independent States, some of them loosely linked in the Revolutionary federation. Madrid, even if it had been forced to recognise the independence of the provincial States, would have remained conservative and hostile. The Asturians alone might have set up a definitely Socialist or Communist Government. Catalonia probably would have tried to organise a Left Republican or mildly Socialist regime under Azaña and Companys. Andalusia and the Basque provinces, which gave little help to the revolt, would certainly have remained conservatively republican. In every case the formation of new Governments would have been greatly complicated by internecine strife among the Left parties.

The suppression of the revolution means, of course, the end of all Socialist and even Liberal movements in Spain for years to come. The ideals of agrarian reform and freedom from Church dominance are, for the time being, hopelessly lost. The only important question in Spain to-day is to what depths of reaction Robles and his followers will descend.

A LONDON DIARY

IT was an odd experience to go from the Labour Conference at Southport to the Conservative Conference at Bristol. A Labour Conference, whatever you may say of it, is alive and exciting. The voting may be mechanical, but the issues are genuinely debated and the members of the Executive on the platform treat the rank and file seriously and exert themselves to be persuasive and interesting. I think they are wrong in objecting, as they did in the case of Miss Lawrence, to one of their number taking an individual line, but at least they don't talk twaddle. In contrast the Conservative Conference was just so much blowing off steam. Few of the Ministers were present and they scarcely pretended to take the Conference seriously. It does not, I readily admit, represent anything like the best elements of Conservatism. I wish that Low had been with me to draw some of the faces in the front row. I could not resist the temptation to have a shot myself. The Conference certainly felt strongly about India, and my impression was that a large majority were against any concessions to Indian nationalism "at the centre," and that most of those who voted against Sir Henry Page Croft did so entirely out of loyalty to Mr. Baldwin, who had again promised, in the published correspondence, to give them an opportunity of saying all that they wanted to when the White Paper appears. I suppose that Mr. Baldwin, having won twice recently on the Indian issue, thought it unnecessary to bring up his heavy guns again at this Conference. And he showed a fine disregard for it by not even referring to India in his speech on Friday night.

"Feeling strongly about the great issues of India."

* * *

At the Labour Conference we heard the usual assertion that the "hungry sheep look up and are not fed." As I listened to the responsive cheers when the slum landlord was championed on the platform at Bristol, the words parodied themselves in my mind as "the fatted sheep look up and are fed again." Excepting the speech of one brave young man who thought that rehousing was a social service that really mattered, I did not catch one hint of idealism, one passing thought that it might be rather fun and exciting to pull down these miserable, dirty, unplanned slums and build new houses with decent architecture and comfort, as the Social Democrats did years ago in Vienna and Berlin. All that anyone seemed to think of was that some owners of despicable property in Leeds were not getting the last farthing of compensation in the great housing scheme recently introduced by the new Labour Council. But the worst debate was on armaments. Lord Lloyd, the most dangerous person in this country, spoke with military precision. All he had to say was that we are no longer the most strongly armed Power and that we ought to be. He did not tell us how we could, as an isolated Power, protect the 85,000 miles of trade routes that were, of course, talked of once again. Sir Arthur Steel Maitland introduced a note of reality by reminding the Conference that there was supposed to be a system of collective security and that our defences depended on other people's. His amendment was immediately forgotten when Mr. Neville Chamberlain said that the Government agreed with Lord Lloyd about the dangerously low point which our defences had reached and was willing for any rearmament provided the Conference was prepared for the bill. The delegates roared with laughter and voted that they preferred big armaments "to all other benefits."

* * *

I wish everyone at the Bristol Conference could be induced to read A. A. Milne's little book, *Peace with Honour* (Methuen,

5s.). Its sub-title is important. "An inquiry into the war convention." That is Milne's point. War is a convention just like duelling or marriage. If it proves a destructive convention, it can be changed. And by way of explaining that it ought to be changed, he fearlessly carries his logic into the camp of the Bishops, and exposes the Christian defences of war and the hypocrisy of the phrases that justify it. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori?* How do we who live know that it is sweet and fitting to drown in mud? As a piece of logic I recommend his dissection of a recent *Times* leader. He manages to be serious, even passionate and yet constantly amusing. A friend who also admires the book, complained to me that it is "not helpful." I do not agree. Of course, it is not any use talking about Hitler, MacDonald, Doumergue, and Mussolini meeting together to denounce war. They have already done so in the Kellogg Pact without making much difference to anything. But the point of the book does not lie in its remedies or in its quite inadequate analysis of causes. Milne is right in saying that the war convention would die if we all saw through it as clearly as he did, and that one of the most important remedies is to persuade people that it really is a silly and suicidal convention which we can abolish when we will.

* * *

It was odd on Friday week to see the *News-Chronicle's* perfectly correct headline, "Labour Rejects Confiscation," side-by-side with the *Daily Express* headline, "Labour will Confiscate." One reader who sends me the *Daily Express* cutting asks if there is any legal penalty for untruthfulness in a newspaper. The answer is "no."

* * *

One friend of mine who was a delegate to the Southport Conference had a curious experience on the way up. His car broke down just as he was starting on the Friday evening. He was on the point of taking a train, but was assured by the garage that they would do the repairs in time. After some hesitation he actually watched the train go out of the station. When his car was ready he set off for Southport several hours late, and reached the deserted and confusing roads round Wigan in the small hours of the morning. He lost himself hopelessly and could find no one to ask; he drove on until suddenly he reached a railway line where there were crowds of people, ambulances and flares. He had caught up with the train he had just not travelled on; it was wrecked; and he spent the rest of the night carrying the injured to hospital in his car. It was the Warrington railway smash that we all read about in the Sunday morning papers.

* * *

This coincidence reminded me of the tale of Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury. A lady asked him if he believed in "special providences." He replied that he could only judge in individual cases. The lady then told him that her aunt was to sail on a certain ship and was only prevented from doing so by slipping and breaking her leg on the gangway as she was going on board. The ship went down with all hands. Was this a "special providence"? Temple replied, "Madame, I did not know your aunt."

* * *

In the train on the way back from Bristol I sat next to two delegates from the Conservative Conference. I am prepared to swear to the following piece of conversation between them.

A: I like Lord Lloyd myself.

B: Yes. Who is he, do you know? What is his record?

A: Oh, he was Viceroy of India, wasn't he?

B: Yes, I believe he was. That's a great position, isn't it?

A: Yes, one of the very greatest.

* * *

Several people have very properly taken me to task for referring in my note on the Kenya flogging case to the fact that the accused is a relative of a well-known English ecclesiastical dignitary. But they are wrong in supposing that I intended to cause him pain or insinuate anything against the Church. The daily press had already mentioned the relationship, so that the damage was done in any case. I was, I fear, the victim of the journalistic habit (which should be checked much more often than it is) of automatically including any detail which will arouse attention. If Mr. Blank commits suicide, swims the channel or gets divorced, the newspaper reader at once asks who Mr. Blank is, where he was born, whether he was fond of his mother and if he knows anyone whose name is known to them. Often silly and irrelevant, of course, but such is the nature of curiosity. Hence the journalist's anxiety to satisfy and anticipate demand. This is an explanation, not an excuse, and I apologise for conforming to a bad habit on an unfortunate occasion.

* * *

I have received the following letter from a correspondent:

The *Queen Mary* was launched on 26:9:1934. Call this 26°:9′:19.34″ and this is the angle from the Great Pyramid to Bethlehem where another Queen Mary gave birth to the King of Kings.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. E. B. Stewart.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Greek Cypriot papers are still somewhat tendentious, and would be more so were there no censorship. The Greek peasants imbibe their politics from the local press, and it is a pity that no impartial paper exists to present the British point of view.—*Morning Post.*

It might almost be said that in a modern war there would be no security.—The *Scotsman.*

Mr. —— said he was happy to say that he was not opposed to the idea of a National Book League, but that he had some apprehension whether, once constituted, it might not introduce or expand developments contrary to the interest of the bookseller, such as (in his view) Book Tokens, which prevented the bookseller from selling to his customer a book he didn't want.—*Publishers' Circular.*

The distinguished soldier is correct when he says "God bless him" may be said by others besides field officers.—Letter in *Times.*

Wanted young girls to train love birds to talk.—Write Regent Pet Stores.—Advt. in *Times.*

The Spanish frontier is still closed at Gibraltar, and hundreds of British army and naval officers and others who usually go horse-riding or motoring in Spain have been unable to enjoy their favourite sport.—*Nottingham Evening Post.*

Hostesses will have to learn the difficult art of reclining in the style of Madame Recamier upon the Empire couches that are to be the craze of the autumn.

The hostess with either Empire or Regency furniture must have ankle-length skirts, small and shapely feet and well-rounded arms, on one of which to lean while the other may hold a cigarette.—*Daily Telegraph.*

One of the original regulations of the Zingari read, "I.Z. batsmen and fieldsmen, being hit, are not entitled to rub." That was the spirit.—*Observer.*

The hopes of the growers and merchants are now pinned on the weather. They hope that the reported lack of rain will cause a failure to the crops.—From the *Sunday Express,* on Harvest Festival Sunday.

YOUR CAR IS PART OF YOU

When a man goes to buy a car he is often so much taken up with price and performance that he forgets to consider how the car will fit into his social surroundings. Nothing is more likely to lead to regrets. The car a man drives is an expression of his personality just as much as the clothes he wears. For example, to drive up to a friend's house in one of those American cars (so conveniently shipped *via* Canada) is surely an affront—both to him and to yourself. How different the feeling when your car bears an honoured British name and your satisfaction is enhanced by pride of possession.—Advt. in *Observer.*

FRANCE'S FRONTIER ON THE VISTULA

WHEN M. Barthou, now so tragically removed from the European scene, started on his security campaign last spring, he had a simple and harmonious object in view: granted that Germany was—to put it mildly—the least peace-loving country in Europe, it was necessary to get the more peace-loving nations to join forces. If Germany, who never tired of protesting her innocence, were willing to demonstrate her love of peace by joining in a security pact, so much the better; for that in itself would put an end to the talk about France's desire to "encircle" Germany. If, on the other hand, Germany refused to join in the pact, then she was obviously unwilling to consolidate peace, and her "encirclement" would then be a painful necessity. After receiving what Barthou considered to be a sufficient number of favourable answers, he took his plan to London, where the British Government not only gave it its moral blessing, but actually promised to recommend it to Germany, and also to Poland, whose attitude still seemed to be "a little doubtful," as the French papers called it.

Apart from the Eastern Locarno, Barthou also launched the idea of a Mediterranean Locarno, which aimed, above all, at a *rapprochement* between Italy and Jugoslavia and at a settlement of the Austrian problem—a problem which was difficult, if not impossible, to solve (especially in view of England's non-committal attitude), so long as Italy and Jugoslavia were like two dogs glaring at the same bone. No one can tell what would have been the result of King Alexander's visit to Paris; but it remains doubtful whether the Jugoslavs will agree to recognise Italy's "special rights" in Austria, and to entrust her with the preservation of Austrian "independence"; it is equally doubtful whether the Italians will agree to share with the Little Entente the responsibility of guaranteeing this independence.

Decidedly, there is little on the map of Europe to cheer the French. Austria is in a worse muddle than ever, for no one seriously believes that the Three Power Declaration on Austrian independence is of much practical value; Jugoslavia—though by no means ready (as some papers have suggested) to fall into line with Germany—would, none the less, prefer the *Anschluss* to the establishment of an Italian protectorate over Austria; nor is Rumania as loyal to the French "system" as the reception she gave to Barthou last summer suggested (a reception which was immediately followed by a visit of the Rumanian Finance Minister to Paris); for the recent resignation of Titulescu had a great deal to do with Polish intrigues; and these intrigues, if I am correctly informed, were not altogether discouraged either by Tatarescu the Prime Minister, or by King Carol himself. Here also Poland has been playing tricks on France.

Much as official French spheres may hate to admit it, there can be no doubt that Poland has been the great wrecker of the French security structure. For a long time they were anxious to give the Poles the benefit of the doubt—but now no more doubts are left. There is strong reason to believe that if Poland had agreed to join the Eastern Security Pact, Germany would have thought twice before rejecting it; and, rather than be "encircled," she would probably have joined it after receiving certain more or less important concessions in the matter of armaments. The Polish-German conspiracy against the consolidation of the *status quo* in the East was already clearly revealed earlier in the summer when the Soviet Government asked Germany if she would guarantee the territorial integrity of the Baltic States. *After consulting Poland*, Germany gave a negative reply.

I do not pretend to know what exactly is at the back of this German-Polish "co-operation," but the circumstantial evidence is such that the attitude of the Poles can be regarded only with the greatest suspicion. In their note to France rejecting the Eastern Locarno, they refused to guarantee either Lithuania's or Czechoslovakia's territorial integrity, which clearly suggests the existence of an agreement between Germany, Poland and Hungary—an agreement to solve their difficulties in a not very distant future at the expense of other nations. The Japanese Minister in Warsaw has also, singularly enough, been displaying great diplomatic activity, and has even been in close contact with certain leaders of the Ukrainian minority (who have suddenly become, as if by some miracle, much more "loyal" to the Polish Government). All this indicates that Poland is determined to play a big *Weltpolitik* worthy of the great country she believes herself to be. The Russians, the Czechs and the Lithuanians are, naturally, greatly worried by the turn things have taken, and how can one wonder? For it looks as though the Poles were prepared to support German expansionism in the hope of not only preserving their own territorial integrity as a reward (what touching faith in Hitler's word!), but of getting a share in the spoils. That, in the past, Pilsudski hoped to create an Ukrainian buffer state—a sort of Polish Manchukuo—was clearly demonstrated during his Kiev escapade of 1920. He hates Russia, and is quite capable of returning to the idea, with joint German-Japanese encouragement.

At all events, it seems certain that the Poland of Pilsudski and Beck prefers an adventurous life to a life of security. And this adventurous life may mean war. For if Poland wanted security, she could have got it easily. By sticking to the French alliance, and by coming to terms with Russia (which would have been easy, for Russia has no territorial ambitions), Poland would have had all the security she needed. The Eastern Locarno was a means of consolidating this security by placing it on a highly organised international basis. We have heard all the Polish arguments against the pact; the chief one is that it would never do to allow a Russian army—a Communist army!—to rush to Poland's assistance through Polish territory. For they might be tempted to stay there. It seems a futile argument when one considers that Poland's risks of being invaded would be far greater in the absence of any such international pact—unless, of course, she is quite confident of being herself the invader, and not the invadee, in the next war. Another argument is that Germany being Poland's most immediate potential aggressor, it was all the more important for the Poles to come to terms with her. Why such a superficial short-term arrangement—for that is what the Poles officially claim it to be—should be preferable to a solid long-term arrangement like the Eastern Locarno, is not clear. All we are told is that, in this matter, "one has to understand Polish psychology." Whatever may be the Polish psychology, the Germans must treat the agreement with Poland as a joke, *unless* the agreement is something different from what it claims to be.

And what about France? The French are, of course, feeling very disgruntled. "After all," they say, "if it hadn't been for France, there might have been no Poland; if we hadn't bothered the life out of Lloyd George, there would have been no Polish outlet to the sea; if it hadn't been for Weygand, who was sent post-haste to Poland in the summer of 1920, Warsaw would have been captured by the Red Army, whatever Pilsudski may say to the contrary. In Silesia we acted like the worst crooks in order to please the Poles; and we also helped them economically. They say that they were tied to our apron strings; is it not truer to say that we were tied to theirs? Whenever there was the slightest chance of an agreement between us and Germany, they invariably raised a howl that they were being betrayed; and our attitude to Germany—in the days long before Hitler—would not have been half as stiff if it had not been for the Poles. And how often did we quarrel with England because we were unwilling to agree with her that the Corridor was an absurdity? There is no such thing as gratitude in politics—*mais tout de même!*" I have not invented these arguments. One hears them on all sides; one finds them in papers of such divergent opinions as the *Oeuvre* and the *Echo de Paris*. The legend of the French Frontier on the Vistula—what a tiresome phrase that used to be!—is now at an end. It is said that the Four Power Pact

threw the Poles into the arms of Germany. It may conceivably have alarmed them at first; though it soon became clear that the pact was not of the slightest practical importance; and if the Poles still continued to harp on it, it was simply because it provided them with a convenient excuse for changing their policy. They were apparently also worried by Daladier's tentative flirtation with Hitler last autumn; not that that amounted to much either. In any case, when Barthou went to Warsaw last spring he made it absolutely clear that the Poles had nothing more to worry about. Instead of falling round his neck, they were very rude to him. When he got back to Paris he made a statement to the press which, on closer analysis, really meant that Pilsudski was a bit cracked.

An even more dangerous person, from the French point of view, is Colonel Beck. Some years ago he was military attaché in Paris, and one fine day the French Government put a rather abrupt end to his stay in France. I am told they had very good reasons for doing so. Among other things, they strongly suspected him of German sympathies. This only increased his francophobia. Combined with Pilsudski's russophobia, Beck's francophobia was bound to have an effect on Poland's foreign policy. There is some opposition in Poland to their policy, which some Poles consider to be suicidal; but then, Poland is not a country where any sort of anti-Government opposition can count for much.

The French, naturally, feel that the Poles cannot have it both ways; and they feel sorely tempted to break off the Franco-Polish alliance. There are even some who would like to come to terms with Hitler "without any further regard for Polish interests"—in other words, at Poland's expense. It is hardly a practical policy so long as Hitler is in power. For the present the French Government is marking time and waiting for further developments. *Only the state of French public opinion is already such, that few Frenchmen would care to defend "the frontier on the Vistula" if occasion arose.* And if the Poles are not careful, the day may come when it will not be they who will settle accounts at the expense of other nations, but the other nations who will settle their differences by what may look like another partition of Poland.

Paris. ALEXANDER WERTH

ONE'S HABITS

AT a West of England hotel at which I was staying recently, a waiter came up to me with a half-finished packet of cigarettes and said: "Are these your cigarettes, sir?" I told him that I did not know, and asked him where he had found them. "They were on the writing desk in the corner," he said; "I think they must be yours, sir, because the packet has been opened at the top." "Why, what other way is there of opening a packet of cigarettes?" I asked. "Well, sir," he replied, as deferentially informative as Jeeves himself, "you see, most gentlemen tear the paper wrapping off before opening the packet, but I took particular notice that you never take the wrapping off but just open the packet at the top. Didn't you know that, sir?" I confess I was amazed. Here was a Sherlock Holmes in a remote part of England who in the course of three days could tell me things about my habits that I did not know myself. I had never before realised either that I habitually opened cigarette packets in one particular way or that my particular way differentiated me from the mass of civilised mankind. I had always thought of myself as a creature of few habits, and those mostly bad; yet here I was exposed as a slave of habit even in so trifling a matter as getting the first cigarette out of a new packet.

It is not that I am theoretically an enemy of habit. In my opinion, no greater nonsense was ever talked than Pater's observation that "in a sense it might even be said that our failure is to form habits." There may be a germ of half-truth in the saying, but no man who has had the misfortune not to be able to form habits will accept it at its face-value. I myself suffer daily as a result of never having formed habits even in such simple things as putting money, tickets, and such things in one particular pocket. It is perfectly absurd to know that one has plenty of money on one's person and yet not to be able to find it without making as much fuss as if one were chasing biting insects all over one's body. In shops, restaurants and elsewhere in such circumstances, the sensitive man feels that the shopkeeper, waiter or occupant of the cash-desk is observing him with suspicion, disguised as a patient smile and wondering—especially in restaurants—whether the whole thing is not a deliberate try-on. Many years ago I had the humiliating experience of having to leave my name and address at a Piccadilly restaurant because, though I knew I had money in some pocket or other, I simply could not find it when it came to paying the bill. A friend of mine, once noticing the haphazard way in which I kept paper-money in my various pockets, much of it lost among a medley of letters and other documents in my breast-pocket, said to me: "You have no sense about money. You don't know how to keep it," and presented me with a note-case, when I was on the eve of going abroad. I put all my paper-money into the note-case, feeling that I was a practical man at last. Within a week, unfortunately, a still more practical pickpocket—one of those foreigners—managed to get hold of the note-case and robbed me of a far larger sum than any pickpocket had ever succeeded in taking from me in my more unpractical days.

You may think that this should have converted me to a disbelief in habit, tidiness, order and so forth. If you do, you are wrong. The most that it converted me to was a belief that there is something to be said on both sides of the question. I am convinced, for example, that in the ordinary affairs of life the man who knows in which pocket his money is, is in a vastly superior position to the man who does not know in which pocket his money is, and yet that, in relation to pick-pockets, the man who does not know in which pocket his money is, is the more fortunate. For, if a man himself does not know where his money is, how can a passing stranger be expected to know? I have sat up all night in the smoking-room of a boat with a friendly stranger who, I afterwards heard, was a pickpocket, and he might have been the Archbishop of Canterbury for all he took from me. The only effective way of picking my pockets would be to sandbag me and even then it would take a long time to find the money. I warn potential sandbaggers, however, that as a rule I have little more money about me than will cover the expenses of a quiet citizen's day.

Apart from money, there is everything to be said for habit. How foolish it is, for example, for the man who travels by bus or train, not always to put his ticket into the same pocket! He who does so can alone face ticket-inspectors with equanimity. With him the production of a ticket is a matter of routine, and the whole thing passes like magic. The man who cannot find his ticket, however,—what a nuisance he is to himself and to everybody else! I always think, when he isn't myself, that he looks such a fool. Sometimes I pity him for his flustered helplessness: sometimes, as he plunges desperately into one pocket after another, his lack of dignity and his waste of precious moments through sheer incompetence, irritate me. He seems to me a particularly poor specimen of the human race, and all through lack of a little system. I feel like asking him whether he hasn't a ticket-pocket and what he thinks the tailor gave him a ticket-pocket for. On such occasions, I am all on the side of the man of habit, sneering and jeering at a weaker brother. Talking of ticket-pockets, by the way, reminds me that in my latest suit my tailor has forgotten to include one. At first I resented the omission, but, on second thoughts, I realised that the tailor had done me a good turn. If I lose a ticket in the future, I shall now not have as many pockets in which to lose it.

Then there are spectacles. How enviable is the man who can always produce his reading-spectacles at a moment's notice—who has formed the habit of carrying them in one particular pocket—who can even be sure that, when he leaves the house, he will find them in any pocket at all! For myself,

I should not like to be asked to add up all the minutes I have wasted looking for my spectacles in the course of a year. The total, if it would not stagger humanity, would certainly stagger me. So uncertain am I of remembering my spectacles that I am compelled to carry an eyeglass as a substitute for an emergency. Talk about the slave of habit! The true galley-slave is the man who, because he is not the slave of habit, is always mislaying things and looking for them.

I am especially conscious of this when I want to consult a book. I have a considerable number of books and a great love of seeing books well arranged, with every volume in its allotted place—everything necessary, indeed, to an orderly student except the habit of putting a book back on the shelf when I am finished with it. As a result, I spend almost as much time in looking for books as in reading them. If I want to verify a quotation from Browning, the volume that contains the passage is always the volume that is missing. If I want something in the first volume of Mr. E. V. Lucas's life of Charles Lamb, I can find only the second. I see dictionaries all over the house when I am looking for something else, but, when at a crisis in the solution of a crossword puzzle, I crave for a dictionary more than any other book in the world, all the dictionaries seem to have melted into thin air. It is as though my books were inspired with a spirit of mischief and took their revenge on me for my carelessness by wasting my time in a never-ending game of hide-and-seek. The very Bible hides from me when I want to read it.

Hence I praise above all others the life of habit, order and discipline, and I disagree vehemently with Montaigne when he declares that "a young man should break in upon his rules, to stir up energy and keep it from becoming mouldy and lazy; for no course of life is so foolish and feeble as that which is carried out according to rules and discipline." This may have been good enough advice for gentlemen of private means in the sixteenth century, but it is of no use to a generation that has discovered the beauty of machines and must more and more conform itself to the beautiful and orderly ways of machines. Give me the train that starts punctually, the clock that habitually tells the right time, the man who breakfasts at eight sharp every morning and always carries his ticket in the same pocket. To live like a machine in all those matters that do not matter—this is to live successfully. To live mechanically is to be a free spirit, unclogged by the constant necessity of turning aside from the proper business of life to engage in a silly hunt for books and spectacles. I thank my stars that I have at least one habit, if it is only the habit of opening a cigarette-packet in one particular way. It is a small thing, but may it not be the seed of a punctuality, order and discipline that will ultimately spread through all my being? All is not lost. The west-country waiter has given me hope. Y. Y.

Correspondence

VOTING AT SOUTHPORT

SIR,—Many of the press commentators on the Southport Conference have stated, or have conveyed the impression, that the Socialist League amendments commanded the support of a majority of the Divisional Labour Party delegates, and were only defeated by the block vote of the Trade Unions—"the Trade Union hordes," as the *Times* picturesquely calls them.

This is not the case. According to particulars contained in the published *List of Societies affiliated to the Labour Party*, voting strength at Southport was distributed as follows:

Trade Unions	1,910,000
Divisional Labour Parties	430,000
Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society	32,000
Socialist Societies, etc.	10,000
	2,382,000

The basis of voting in all cases is a thousand votes for every thousand members or *part thereof*. Therefore every D.L.P. represented at the Conference had a minimum of a thousand votes, however few its members. Many D.L.P.s and some of the smaller Trade Unions do not send delegates to the Annual Conference, owing to the expense involved. Thus, it appears that there was an additional vote of D.L.P.s, which was not represented at Southport, of 345,000, making a total voting strength of D.L.P.s (including Borough Labour Parties in divided boroughs and County Federations of Divisional Labour Parties, each of which is entitled to a thousand votes in addition to the votes of their constituent D.L.P.s) of 775,000. If individual membership grows in the future, this total will grow.

The Trade Union total at Southport included six block votes of over 100,000, one between 50,000 and 100,000, fourteen between 10,000 and 50,000, and thirty-three of less than 10,000.

In the first important card vote, the amendment of the Socialist League on "general aims" was defeated by 2,146,000 to 206,000. The minority included the block vote of the Distributive Workers, one of the six biggest Trade Unions, counting 101,000, and, of course, the 3,000 block vote of the Socialist League itself. Even, therefore, if no other Trade Union or Socialist Society voted in the minority, the amendment only secured about 100,000 D.L.P. votes, and more than 300,000 D.L.P. votes must have been given against it, since practically a full vote of the Conference was polled in this division. The D.L.P.s alone, therefore, voted against this amendment by more than three to one. In fact, I believe that a number of the smaller Trade Unions also voted in the minority. The D.L.P. vote, therefore, must have been even more overwhelming, mounting to four or five to one against the amendment.

In subsequent card votes on policy, the position as regards the D.L.P.s was not very different. On the section of the Executive Report dealing with *War and Peace* the voting was 1,953,000 to 267,000, and on the passage dealing with the general strike 1,519,000 to 673,000. The Distributive Workers' block vote was cast against the Executive in both these divisions, as were a number of the smaller Trade Union block votes which had formed part of the majority in the first division on "general aims." And in the division on the general strike the minority was reinforced by the biggest block vote in the Conference, that of the miners, counting 400,000. On both these divisions, therefore, there was a substantial majority of D.L.P. votes in support of the Executive.

On subsequent card votes the minority fell away, and was several times below 200,000, in spite of the steady support of the Distributive Workers. It is, therefore, an elementary error in arithmetic to allege, as many writers in the press have done, that it was the Trade Union block vote, as contrasted with the D.L.P. vote, which defeated the Socialist League proposals. The truth is that these were decisively rejected by the Conference as a whole, and both by the Trade Union and D.L.P. votes calculated separately. SOCIALIST STATISTICIAN

CHRISTIANITY: ORTHODOX AND HETERODOX

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Nettlefold, it appears clear to me, as an outsider, that the reason why there can be no valid comparison between the attitudes of scientists and of theologians lies in the ultimate foundation of their beliefs. In knowledge based on observation and experiment, it is easy to admit past error. But in religion, however much observation and experiment there may be, the foundation is a direct revealing of truth by a God. And the conditions governing the situation are clear; interpretations may vary, but no part of the initial revelation may ever be abandoned. Much dogma may be changed, but nothing can ever be scrapped without replacement.

To a heathen, then, it seems plain that if Mr. Nettlefold wishes to follow a scientific method he must abandon the name of Christian. Why does he think that in itself regrettable? The name is bound up throughout history with the doctrines of immutability, of exclusiveness, and of absolute sufficiency for salvation—all of which he seems to dislike. When such a man clings to the Christian name he condemns himself to a great deal of negative explanation, at the end of which his right to call himself Christian will often be denied. Whereas, in my own experience, if a man begins by resigning the name, he is then

drawn into positive explanations—a healthier mode of thought—and will often be told at the end that he is really Christian at heart—a result that Mr. Nettlefold would find pleasing.

P. W. E.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. J. K. Nettlefold, says that "the problem before Christianity to-day is to rid itself of many outworn beliefs which have been proved manifestly untrue." This is a provocative statement, and has been made in my presence on many occasions; and always I have made the same reply. What is it in Christianity that has been "proved" untrue—when, where and by whom?

I am earnestly anxious for an answer to this surely very reasonable question, but can never get anything like one. Sometimes the person addressed admits that what he means is that the so-called truths of Christianity have never been proved. This is quite a different matter, and may be argued on its own merits; but far more often the speaker has mistaken some outworn belief of the Old Testament for a bulwark of the Christian Faith.

May I challenge Mr. Nettlefold in the same way that I have so many of my friends? He tells us that "the problem before Christianity to-day is to rid itself of many outworn beliefs which have been proved manifestly untrue." When, where and by whom have they been so proved?

ASHLEY SAMPSON

31 Harrington Gardens, S.W.7.

SIR,—I am writing this to thank Dr. Harry Roberts for his most illuminating article dealing with the book, *Orthodoxy Sees It Through*. Seldom, if ever, has the position of the thoughtful Christian, in respect of the basic principles of his faith, been put forward with such clarity and common sense.

GEO. IRWIN

12 Ravenhill Gardens, Belfast.

VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS

SIR,—I have read with great interest your article on voluntary hospitals in the issue of September 29th, and, while I heartily agree with its general thesis, it is necessary to point out that it contains a good many misstatements which make me think that its author is unfamiliar with the daily working of, at any rate, London voluntary hospitals of repute. It rarely does any good either to overstate a case or to support a good case with misstatements.

In over twenty years' surgical work I have been intimately connected with the work of at least seven general and special hospitals, and have no hesitation in saying categorically that it is extremely uncommon for an operation list to be postponed on account of a surgeon's private work. I do not remember it ever happening when I was a dresser or a resident. In the last eight years, of which I have a record, I have postponed my list on three occasions, twice owing to illness, and once owing to an emergency, the latter was so urgent that the status of the patient had nothing to do with the postponement. I record my personal experience because I am sure that it is similar to that of most other surgeons—moreover there would soon be a row if it were not.

Secondly, with regard to admissions—the doctor who spent a "vital hour" telephoning for a bed ought to have known that his patient must be admitted at once to the appropriate L.C.C. hospital. Furthermore, I have very grave doubts about the vitality of this hour. A patient said to be in such desperate straits would probably have died anyhow, and quite probably his best chance lay in not being moved. The only case of the kind that I have ever seen outside the war was a stab wound of the heart. Any hospital would jump at the chance of getting such a case.

Thirdly, small hospitals are not often badly staffed, and nearly always the residents are good and reliable.

Finally, hospitals dealing with special diseases do not have a specially low standard of nursing, they more frequently have a specially high one, the nurse being an important unit in a team highly trained for the management of difficult cases. Generally speaking the standard of work in these hospitals is not excelled anywhere in the world, and the nursing is in many cases better than in private paying beds of large general hospitals. This is because nurses looking after patients in small rooms may sometimes lack the supervision of an experienced sister which is always available in an open ward. I know of a good many cases in which a surgeon has preferred to forgo his fee in order to get a patient who needs a serious operation either into a general ward or a good nursing home, rather than send him into a paying bed.

If I do not trespass too much upon your space I should like to say that, although I have no special influence or "pull," I have never yet had the least difficulty in getting a consultant (1) to operate (2) to go and see a case, or (3) to transfer a special case to a special hospital. I have found that the only thing a specialist needs to be sure of is that he is not having a dud case palmed off on him. I have repeatedly found that one has only to ask in order to get freely all the experience and technical knowledge one wants.

SURGEON

RUSSIA'S PROBLEMS

SIR,—In your issue of September 29th, Mr. Louis Fischer writes, under the heading, "Russia's Problems":

> The Soviet Government exported 27,000,000 tons from last year's grain harvest. It is shipping grain abroad now, but one hopes the quantity will not exceed 10,000,000 tons.

Are all the statistics in the article of the same order of reliability? The official Russian returns are reproduced in the Board of Trade Quarterly Summaries of the Accounts of Foreign Trade and Commerce and in the Year Book of the International Institute of Agriculture. Your readers may find the following table, prepared from these sources, of interest.

Total exports of barley, maize, oats, rye, wheat and wheat flour from the U.S.S.R.:

Calendar Years.	Tons of 2,240 lbs.
5-year average, 1923–7	1,607,000
1928	36,000
1929	188,000
1930	4,687,000
1931	5,004,000
1932	1,725,000
1933	1,684,000

So far as bread grains are concerned (wheat and rye and wheat flour), the total reported by the U.S.S.R. in the calendar year 1933, according to the same official returns, was substantially less than 1,000,000 tons.

REMA

SIR,—I cannot begin to rival Mr. Louis Fischer's intense and generalised knowledge of Russian conditions, but I should like to confirm from personal observation at least one of the important points that he makes in his last week's article, "Russia's Problems."

Everyone whose visits to Russia, however short, have been spread over more than a year or two has had a chance to note the improvement in condition of the *industralised* towns. The point that they have been improving yearly is no longer even in dispute. But the industrialised towns are by no means a cross-section of the nation.

Agriculture has been the main problem for several years past, and for this reason I was particularly interested in Mr. Fischer's reference to Kiev, which is not an industralised town, but merely the centre of the vast grain-growing district of the Ukraine. Two years ago Kiev—for all its natural beauties, an ancient town of parks and gardens, set among wooded hills—was a desert. Its streets were of a shabbiness indescribable, its inhabitants badly dressed, its shop windows, even in the main streets, repositories of fly-blown emptiness.

In several visits to Soviet Russia I have never been more impressed by anything than by the change in the city of Kiev this year. The natural beauty remains, but its streets are repainted and are being repaved, new building is going up, the shop windows are full (in many cases of articles of a mildly luxurious nature, musical instruments, furs, gramophones, soaps, scents and cosmetics), white bread (comparatively dear) is being sold in baskets on the streets, and in the great sports-park at the top of the town I have seen of an evening hundreds of bronzed young men and women, their persons quite sufficiently exposed to leave one in no doubt as to their physical condition, playing net-ball,

basket-ball, football and tennis, and afterwards listening to open-air concerts.

If this had been in an industrialised centre, a Moscow or Kharkov or Ivanovo-Vosnessensk, it would have been no more than commonplace. But being in Kiev, two years ago the centre of a famine area, I could not help but regard it as significant.

22 Fitzroy Square, W.1. HUBERT GRIFFITH

Miscellany

THE WAITING ROOM

We were at the hospital early, before nine o'clock. The waiting-room, a high one-windowed room painted a dark green, was empty. And for some time we sat on the bench and did nothing but stare at the opposite wall. It was the bitterest day of the winter, almost the bitterest day I could ever remember. The streets were black rivers of ice, and the clouds full of the bitterness of snow which seemed as if it would never fall. The fingers of my brother's broken arm had gone dead, blue to the nails, with the intense cold. He sat with the fingers of the other gently clasped over the dead fingers, trying to warm them. It was all right, I kept thinking, we were first, we should be away in a few minutes. In some other part of the hospital a baby was crying. The fretful sounds echoed and re-echoed down the empty corridors. Then suddenly the sound ceased. We listened for it to start again, but nothing happened. The whole place seemed empty and deserted, as though all the inmates had died in the night.

"We could pinch the radium," I said, "and get away with it."

When we laughed the sound seemed sacrilegious. So we sat in silence again, waiting. All we had to do was to get an X-ray photograph of the broken arm, get the papers signed, and depart. I sat there with the papers opened ready in my hand.

For a long time nothing happened. Then we heard another sound, a sound of sawing. I looked at my brother, who looked a little scared as he listened.

"An operation," I said.

"Shut up," he said. And then: "There's someone coming."

A moment later the door opened and in came a woman, followed by a man. They were working-class patients, the woman very small, as thin as a whippet and about forty-five, the man much older and much bigger. He was like a prize-fighter gone to pieces. His hair and his face merged into each other, the same deathly grey colour. Both he and the woman sat down on the seat. The woman had a sort of sparrow's face, one of those perky colourless faces which twitter inquisitively and without rest.

"What are you in for?" she said to us.

"X-ray," I said.

"Some hopes," she said. "You'll have to wait." She spoke with a kind of dismal pleasure. "Everybody has to wait. Don't we? You!" She turned and spoke to the man. "Don't we have to wait?"

"Eh?" he said. He lifted his hand to his ear.

"Don't we have to wait?"

"Hm." I knew he couldn't hear.

"He can't hear," she said to us, pleasantly. "He's stone deaf in one ear, and now the other one's going." She seemed quite pleased about it all. "But it's his legs he comes in for." Knowing he could not hear, she did not trouble to lower her voice. "He's filling up." Her little face began to light up with acute pleasure. "Filling up. Water."

"What's he in for?" I said.

"Massage. Electric." I thought it seemed a curious treatment for dropsy, but I wasn't sure and I said nothing. "That's what I'm in for myself," she said.

"Your legs filling up?" I said.

She looked up at me with a kind of pitying disapproval. "What I've got," she said, "'ll never be cured."

"Oh! They'll cure you," I said.

"Never," she said. "I know. I've had everything. I know what they can do."

She was beginning to recite for us a list of all the diseases that had ever attacked her, from pneumonia with complications to floating kidney, when I felt the old man staring at me, trying to catch my glance. And after a moment I looked at him and he looked back at me, neither of us making a movement or a sign, until finally he lowered the lid of one eye.

The woman was still talking when the door opened again and instead of the nurse I hoped to see, another man came in. He sat down on the bench with an immense sigh, said "Good morning" to us breathlessly, one hand held over his heart, and looked at us for a moment as if he were about to burst. He was extraordinarily fat, with a very red, puffy, cherubic face, and he looked more than anything like a publican who had lost his memory and had strolled in upon us by mistake.

"Christ, ain't it cold?" he said.

"Cold?" said the little woman. "You got no business to feel cold."

"Me? Why?"

"Your fat keeps you warm."

"I wish it *did*," he said. "But it *don't*. It ain't *natural*."

"It *looks* natural."

"Well, you don't *know*. I used to be as thin as you. Thinner. I was a walking hat-stand." And then: "Ain't they about yet?"

"Who?"

"The nurses."

"Internal patients first," she said. "Then us. We can wait."

He was silent, catching his breath in great wheezy, gloomy gasps. And as though in sympathy we all sat silent, staring at each other, sizing each other up.

And then, after a minute or two, the door opened again.

A nurse entered. I got up and held out the papers. "I have—" She lifted down the receiver of the wall telephone hanging in the corner and began to hold a conversation in a high-toned, icy voice: "We are ready for you, doctor. Yes. Yes." She was very tall, dressed all in stiff white linen, and had a notebook in her hand. She was impersonal, a real ice-maiden, with her head high up and a touch-me-not expression frozen on her face. Red-Face made signs to me as I stood waiting for her to cease telephoning, mute signs of comradeship and masculine sympathy. We were all listening to what she was saying. And she knew it. And knowing it, she prolonged the conversation. "But why should I? Well, if you like. Yes. That would be nice. I will. I know. It would be lovely." Suddenly she hung up the receiver. "I have—" I began to say, but she opened the door and in a moment was gone.

"She's nobody," the little woman said.

"You'd better tell her so," I said.

I sat down, and then after a minute the door opened again, and in came a stubby man wearing thick spectacles and an iron and a spring on one of his boots. He sat down next to me. He sat quietly for a few moments and then began to unlace his boots.

"Going to bed?" said the little woman.

"Bed!" he said. He was speaking to us all, in a voice of bitter weariness. "I hope to Christ I never go to bed again."

Nobody spoke.

"I been in bed a year!" he half shouted.

He took out a paper and began to read it savagely, in silence. I glanced over his shoulder. It was a journal of the fried-fish trade, and in it I could see advertisements for cod and Yarmouth herrings and fish-oil and ice. It was new to me.

"That a good paper?" I said.

He did not speak.

And gradually his silence seemed to affect us all. We sat

staring and waiting. Through the highest unfrosted window panes I could just see the sky, greyish black and full of the snow that seemed too bitterly frozen ever to fall. And we sat there in silence for a long time, nothing happening, no one coming, as though no one knew or cared we were there.

And then suddenly four nurses came in at once. They flounced in at one door, marched stiffly through the waiting-room and out at the other door, a procession of ice-maidens going by us as though we did not exist. The last of them was very tall, the tallest girl I had ever seen, and almost the thinnest. In her stiff white nurse's uniform she looked like some great carrot-shaped icicle. When she had vanished we all burst out laughing. The fat man as he laughed quivered like a red jelly. We had scarcely recovered before the door opened again and three other nurses came through, marching in procession, white and frigid, and disappearing like the other four.

"The seven virgins," I said.

In, a second later, came a doctor. He followed the nurses. He had a kind of lamp, like a miner's head lamp, strapped to his head. We waited for him to go and then we burst out laughing again.

"It's an operation," said the little woman.

"It looks as if it's going to be very pleasant for him," I said.

"It *is* pleasant," she said. "I've had three and—"

But we were all laughing like a pack of fools and for the first time she couldn't go on.

The laughter was only silenced by the opening of the door. It opened slowly this time and a nurse began to come in backwards. I got up at once, almost out of habit, to say something to her, and then I saw that she was wheeling a carriage stretcher, backwards, so that she could open the doors as she went. On the stretcher lay a woman between fifty-five and sixty. I thought at first that she was dead, but then I noticed that her eyes, which were the same dead grey colour as her face, were wide open and that she was looking at us as she was wheeled through. She had no expression in her face except one of blank terror. As the nurse wheeled her into the other room, the rubber tyres of the stretcher soundless on the wooden floor, she kept her eyes desperately fixed on us who sat waiting.

The nurse wheeled her through and closed the door. For a minute or two we were chastened, sitting silent, listening. I believe we all expected the woman to cry out. But nothing happened, and finally the little woman said to me:

"Now's your chance. Catch her when she comes out."

"All right," I said.

And I sat waiting in alert readiness, as a reporter waits to catch a public man as he comes out of a meeting. And when the door opened at last I sprang up. The nurse was flummoxed, and for the first time I succeeded in saying something.

"I have come for an X-ray," I said. I tried to speak nicely, with consideration for her, gently. "I have the papers."

She took the papers and looked at them without speaking.

"I should like to be able to go as soon as possible," I said.

"A broken arm," she said. She spoke as though I were a horse. "Which arm?" She looked from one of my arms to another.

"Oh, my brother's arm," I said.

"I see," she said. I ceased in that moment to be as important even as a horse. She spoke to me as though I were a candlestick or a bed-pan or some object she saw and handled every day of her life, her pretty pink lips thinning and widening into a half-smile of contemptuous tolerance of me.

"You will have to wait," she said to my brother.

"We have been waiting a long time," I said.

She went out of the room.

After that we sat and waited again, the conversation giving way to periods of silence and the silence to the arrival of other patients. More and more people began to come in, so that we had to squeeze up to each other on the benches. At last a mother and her daughter arrived, the daughter wasted by some kind of paralysis of the arms and shoulders, so that she walked as though she were carrying a terrific and invisible weight across her back. Red-Face got up and gave his seat to the two women. "How is she?" said the little woman. The mother shook her head, secretly, without speaking, and the little woman kept her eyes on the girl, as though weighing up the symptoms of an affliction she herself had not yet had the fortune to contract, but as though she had hope about it still. Once a nurse came in and telephoned again and then went out again. Hours seemed to pass, and finally we caught the fragrance of the hospital dinners being cooked. I could see by the angle of the icy light that it was almost noon.

I could bear it no longer. I got up, opened the door through which the patients came, and went along the corridors. After a time, meeting no one, I came back again.

"The other door," said the little woman. "Try the other door. They all go that way."

I opened the other door and then stopped. The woman on the stretcher was lying in the half-darkened room, all alone. She was staring straight at me. The expression on her face had changed since I last saw her; she still had the same bloodless grey colour, her eyes still stared with desperation, but she had gone beyond terror into a kind of apathetic trance, almost childish, as though the interminable waiting had turned her mind. She stared at me without a change of that expression or a word and I stared back in return until I closed the door.

"Nobody there?" said the little woman, as I sat down.

"Nobody," I said.

And we went on waiting.

H. E. BATES

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Miracle in America"

There are two problems which confront the dramatist who decides to make a play out of the career of Mary Baker Eddy. One is to "establish" a personality so inspiring as to be the focal point of a vast and intense religious movement—the most important of its kind since the Mormons. The other is to offer some explanation of the persistence of Christian Science, even after the foundress, by her death, has, as far as the intelligence of the ignorant layman is concerned, invalidated her claim to be believed. The personality can scarcely be denied. The explanation, one feels, must exist. But neither, on the postulates of Ernst Toller and Hermann Kesten, the authors of *Miracle in America*, now presented at the Gate Theatre, is acknowledged adequately. This is not to say that the play is a failure. In some respects it is the most interesting and stimulating study of human egotism that the London theatre has seen for some time. Nevertheless, the problems remain. We are confronted with an intense religious fervour combined with the hardest financial cynicism; with a glowing love of humanity combined with the meanest, most selfish obsession; with a straightforward, courageous sincerity combined with every form of chicanery. The portrait, its elements still unharmonised and unco-ordinated, must be unsympathetic; yet one has the feeling that the whole has not been told, that the picture, since it claims to be historic, misses some essential—in fact, evades the issue. Considered purely as drama, *Miracle in America* has much to recommend it. A woman who defies death before a vast audience, not as a hysterical gesture but in full, serene faith, is necessarily a tragic figure, and the final scene where, rouged and painted by her busy (and anxious) subordinates, she confronts the journalists sent to trap her, is magnificently conceived. Not so magnificently executed. The sense of a culmination is deadened by the episodic scenes which have preceded it, and what should be a tragic climax becomes no more than a macabre incident. But one glimpses the high tragedy implicit in the situation, and the glimpse is itself ample compensation for the somewhat pedestrian chronicling which has gone before.

Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore tackles the complexities of Mrs. Eddy with consummate technique. She is never strident, never crude in her magnificent self-assertions. She has a placid control which sweeps her forward irresistibly, suavely denying Quimby who has taught her the healing quality of faith, suavely con-

verting suspicious sheriffs into willing tools, and suavely reducing devoted followers to nothing when they venture to doubt her divine inspiration. Only at the end, when illness and age have sapped her strength does the iron resolution falter, and this is the great moment of the play. Another good performance is that of the emotional Mabel Smith, Mrs. Eddy's only strong challenger, played by Miss Noel Hood. Mr. Norman Marshall, who opens his season at Gate with this play, deserves full congratulation for a very finished production.

Pirandello Again

Dramatically, *The Life that I Gave Him*, at the Little Theatre, falls considerably short of Pirandello's usual standard. There are moving passages (the play is beautifully translated by Clifford Bax) and at least one moment of dramatic intensity; but for the most part the play is given over too wholeheartedly to a paradox, the elucidation of which is almost too delicate for the theatre. Again Pirandello seizes upon a commonplace colloquial metaphor and insists metaphysically upon its literal truth. "How you have changed—you have become a different person!"—there is nothing unusual in such a greeting after long absence. Yet to Donn' Anna Luna, whose son after seven years has returned to her, the phrase becomes literal, and when two days later he dies she refuses to believe in the corporeal stranger whose very existence has embarrassed her inward conception of the son she remembers. To her he is still "alive," as he has been in her imagination for the past seven years, and she seeks to impose the concept on the young married woman who comes to the house in ignorance, to tell him that she is going to bear his child. The fantasy breaks down, and the old woman is left desolate when she learns from her son's mistress that the stranger that her son had become was dying and knew it when he came to her. The son she knew had not changed psychologically, but physically, and the image she cherishes must be reconciled, unequivocally, with his death. Nobody could be blamed for dismissing this piece as it is presented as morbid fantasy-spinning. The play is produced with an even monotony which Miss Nancy Price, by her over-stressed restraint, accentuates. There is no need whatever for Donn' Anna to appear to be walking in her sleep for the best part of the play, and the vivacious, if warped, intelligence which the part demands in addition to the determined will, is lacking. Miss Peggy Ashcroft, as the mistress, rises more passionately to her opportunities, and the scene between the two women at the end is intensely moving.

The play is succeeded by *Murder Trial*, an expressionist one-act piece with more pretensions than merit.

"King Lear" at the Westminster

King Lear, like all plays full of poetry, must be played quietly and slowly, so that the audience can hear and appreciate Shakespeare's words. And Lear himself must preserve the majesty and dignity of a king: if the actor starts by shouting, he is soon out of breath, and breaks into falsetto shrieks or hoarse, meaningless roars; the essential in the production of poetic drama is elocution. In this the Westminster production must be counted as a failure. Mr. William Devlin is a fine actor; but his Lear, though always credible, was not a king; only an infirm and doting father. Kent was good but dull in the traditional manner. Mr. Harold Warren, as the Fool, spent much of his time on all fours peering up brightly at his master like a pantomime rabbit and gabbled his words faster than any other member of the cast.

The Charming Amateur

Mr. Walter Hackett as a playwright will always remain the brilliant and ingenious amateur. *Hyde Park Corner* is as complicated, as lumbering and quite as charming as any of its predecessors. A curse on a family (the perfect Hackett subject) is the foundation for a plot that has a thousand ramifications. After two acts of exposition the play becomes detective drama, but a charade-like parody of the popular slick variety. Watching one of his plays uncoil one gets the impression that if Mr. Hackett wrote a cookery-book or a dictionary it would act well enough if cut into the right lengths and provided with some good curtains and a part for Miss Marion Lorne. This one has no design or unity or any of the usual perquisites, but it bubbles with ingenuity, and a romance that is charming if a little faded. It is always a surprise to find that one does not tire of Miss Lorne; but she uses a narrow convention with great tact, and her part here must be the best she has ever had. Mr. Gordon Harker's convention is still narrower, and he decorates it more ordinarily but he gets all his usual laughs. It is good to see Mr. Godfrey Tearle as a Hackett barrister—the perfect barrister with the charming difference.

"Jew Süss" at the Tivoli

Jew Süss, now showing at the Tivoli, is one of the most successful British costume-pictures yet produced. Like the majority of costume-pictures, however, it is curiously undramatic. The great opportunities presented by the novel seem, in some odd way, to have been quite missed by the film. The court of Würtemburg fails to come to life. Miss Benita Hume looks very pretty as the Duchess; but Mr. Frank Vosper's portrayal of the Duke bears a distinct and distressing resemblance to an intoxicated and truculent rugger-blue preparing to be thrown out of a London restaurant on boat-race night. Conrad Veidt is never undistinguished, and makes the most of a part from which a great many of its more dramatic aspects have inexplicably been shorn. We see nothing of his love-affairs and very little of the insensate pride and cupidity that characterised Herr Feuchtwanger's fictitious personage. . . . Yet the general effect of the film is not unimpressive, and a number of the subsidiary roles are brilliantly played. Special mention must be made of Paul Graetz as Landauer, Süss's Jewish friend and confidant.

The Vic-Wells Ballet

A much prized oil jar belonging to a rich Sicilian farmer is found broken by his peasants. Only the timely intervention of his pretty daughter prevents his wrath from descending on them. A tinker mends the jar from inside and imprisons himself; other entanglements follow. These gay, country incidents provide the subject of the Vic-Wells Ballet Company's latest production. The story and the music have been used in the past by the Swedish Ballet, but they could hardly have been combined with better choreography and *décor* than that of Miss Ninette de Valois and Mr. William Chappell in the present production. The dances are admirably suited to the characters and situations, and the solos are used with excellent judgment in proportion to the whole. Miss Appleyard as the daughter, Miss Darnborough as the village beauty and Mr. Walter Gore as the tinker gave good performances, and the entire company danced with ease, certainty and animation.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12th—
"Dr. Knock," Tavistock Little Theatre, 36 Tavistock Place.
Gigli. Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Egon Petri, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

SATURDAY, October 13th—
Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
Myra Hess and Jelly d'Aranyi, Queen's Hall, 3.
"The Gang Show, 1934," Scala Theatre.

SUNDAY, October 14th—
John A. Hobson on "Human Survival," Conway Hall, 11.
"Volpone," Fortune Theatre. Production by the Tempest Theatre. Terms of Membership may be obtained at 14 Percy Street, W.1.

MONDAY, October 15th—
Courtauld-Sargent Concert. Conducted by Georg Széll, Queen's Hall, 8.15. And on Oct. 16th.
"Richard II," Old Vic.

TUESDAY, October 16th—
Dr. Frederick Hall on "More About Negro Music," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Professor Schiller on "Ant-men and Super-men," Rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.15.
Miss Ellen Wilkinson on "The Future of Individual Liberty." Lecture Hall, London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 6.
Debate on "Did Jesus Rise from the Dead?" Affirmative: Arnold Lunn. Negative: A. D. Howell Smith, Conway Hall, 7.
A. J. Cummings on "Stalin," Morley College, 8.

WEDNESDAY, October 17th—
Roy Calvert Memorial Lecture. Carl Heath on "Crime and Humane Ethics," Livingstone Hall, Broadway, 3.
Lamond, Wigmore Hall, 8.15. And on October 20th, at 3.
Public Meeting organised by the St. Pancras House Improvement Society. Speeches by Miss Margaret Bondfield, B. Seebohm Rowntree and others. Baths Hall, Prince of Wales Rd., 8.30.

THURSDAY, October 18th—
Mrs. Mary Hamilton on "The Control of Broadcasting," Morley College, 8.
Royal Philharmonic Society, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. H. G. WELLS is an incomparable writer of short stories; he is less successful as a novelist. His longer tales remind me of a sight always to be seen in our village on the morning after a storm when the little boys sally out and return in a straggling procession clustering about their ramshackle soap-boxes on wheels, which they have overloaded with such bits of the immemorial elms as may chance to have been blown down overnight. In his novels Mr. Wells, like the village boys, has always been intent on handling things too big for the improvised untidy vehicle of fiction which he has knocked together in a hurry. Even in *Tono Bungay*, which I believe is his finest and best constructed novel, and one which will endure, the heroine remains in my mind as a mere silhouette of cellophane, transparent against the solid background of the great house, Bladesover. One feels that Wells's characters have not lived long enough with him; neither have they lived long enough with one another. Perhaps here we have the clue to why *Experiment in Autobiography* (Gollancz and the Cresset Press, Vol. I, 10*s*. 6*d*.) is by far the finest book that he has written, since he is dealing not with figures pressganged for ulterior purposes but with the people he has known best, with whom he has lived, and he shows them in their own surroundings. This autobiography is like the final great masterpiece, executed in oils, for which many of the novels are studies in wash or charcoal. This comparison applies also to the quality of the prose, for the autobiography is finished and solid: incomparably better written than the early books. Mr. Wells has often been writing this book without knowing it; now that he has been conscious of his purpose, he shows an unexpected sense of perspective. *Experiment in Autobiography* is not primarily a self-portrait, not only the history of one individual but of the social changes which have taken place during his lifetime.

> Against a background of such generalisations my little mother, you see, becomes a symbol of the blind and groping parental solicitude of that age, a solicitude which enslaved and hampered where it sought to aid and establish; and my individual story merges into the story of the handicapped intelligence of our species, blundering heavily towards the realisation and handling of vast changes and still vaster dangers and opportunities. My mother becomes a million mothers and my brothers a countless brotherhood. My life is a sample life and not an exceptional one; its distinctive merit has been its expressiveness; its living interest lies in that.

This method of approach, with its immense advantages, has one danger which Mr. Wells does not altogether escape. Since he tends to regard himself as a sample, he occasionally slips into assuming that the changes in his way of life have been typical, or even universal. Once or twice one has to remind oneself that cramped lodgings, dirt, vermin and insufficient food are the lot of thousands of families to-day, and that the very houses which to Mr. Wells exist only in the limbo of the past are probably still occupied: his experience was no outworn way of life fast vanishing from the earth but the portion of the majority to-day and to-morrow.

* * *

Mr. Wells springs almost exactly from the class described so admirably by George Moore in *Esther Waters;* his parents might indeed have been in service with her. Their tragedy did not, however, spring from drink and betting on horses, but from a certain native incompetence in them both. This incompetence led to his father losing his job as a gardener, and to his mother her position as a housekeeper. His father put his money into buying a wretched crockery shop and setting up for himself in Bromley.

> So they were caught. From the outset the business did not "pay" and it "paid" less and less. But they had now no means of getting out of it and going anywhere else.

Mrs. Wells, though a most devoted and courageous mother, showed incompetent defeatism as a housewife. She was no cook; the basement kitchen, the noisy boys and washing day were beyond her. She struggled valiantly and imposed her ideals upon her family, the chief of which was an intense snobbish desire to keep up appearances and not to sink below the class of upper servants and publicans from which she sprang. It was this that made her try to turn her sons into drapers: the black-coated gentlemanly shopwalker was the ideal. But as her son wittily explains: "she was to undermine her teaching with cod-liver oil"—thanks to which he grew up rich in vitamins, and so exceptionally deficient in piety that he was completely unable to accept either the Christian religion or the station in life which was being prepared for him. Mr. Wells also attributes his escape to two broken legs; the first (his own) gave him a taste for reading and the second (his father's) led to his mother getting the job of housekeeper at Up Park on Harting hill, where she had previously been a lady's maid. The library at Up Park gave Wells his chance. In one of the many brilliant digressions which so much add to the richness of this book he gives a vivid picture of what England owes to the country house.

> Out of such houses came the Royal Society, the Century of Inventions, the first museums and laboratories and picture galleries, gentle manners, good writing, and nearly all that is worth while in our civilisation to-day. . . . It is the country house which has opened the way to human equality, not in the form of insurgent proletarians, but as a world of universal gentlefolk no longer in need of a servile substratum.

The perception of this has given Mr. Wells a lifelong hatred of Marx and of his disciples of whom he says many true things when he comes to talk of Socialism.

> Making plans, "Utopianism," that is, became one of the blackest bugbears in the long lists dictated by Marxian intolerance. Any attempt to work out the details of this world contemplated under Socialism was received by the old Marxists with contemptuous hostility. At the best it was wasting time, they declared, on the way to that destructive revolution which would release the mechanical benevolence latent in things. Then we should see. They were all . . . . embittered anti-planners . . . We should be far nearer a sanely organised world system to-day if Karl Marx had never been born. . . . Lenin conjured Government by mass-democracy out of sight, "vanished" it as conjurors say. . . . Russia, as we are all beginning to realise, is now no longer a Communism nor a democratic Socialism. . . . It is a novel experimental state capitalism.

* * *

In the library of Up Park the boy could look into the new worlds of *Gulliver's Travels*, Vathek, Plato's *Republic*, Voltaire, and at engravings of Raphael and Michael Angelo. A box full of "brass objects that clearly might be screwed together" provided a Gregorian telescope through which he inspected the craters of the moon. This education was continually being interrupted by his being given fresh "starts in life," but his failures to make good as a cashier and as draper provided further interludes in the library. At last a schoolmaster, anxious to earn "grants," got hold of him and very soon he had passed so many examinations first-class that he was given a studentship at the Normal School of Science—now the Royal College of Science—at South Kensington. He found himself listening to Huxley and responded immediately to imaginative teaching. Science was to Wells always a matter of ideas, of generalisations, of philosophy. His weakness was an inherent dislike of apparatus, of the delicacies and niceties of scientific method, of suspended judgments. He rushed to conclusions: the sound scientific sense of Mr. Asquith's "Wait and see," was, and still is, odious to him. For that reason, though Mr. Wells might have been a great teacher of science, and a great natural philosopher, he could never, I think, have been a great research worker. His slides and cover glasses would have been smeared, his material fixed, embedded, stained and mounted by a man in a hurry to see the results. Mr. Wells abhors detail: his humour fails to rise to the wayward cussedness of things. To phlegmatic men coaxing material objects is a delightful amusement; the research worker in science must have much of the manual worker's humour and phlegm and find much of his pleasure in tinkering with apparatus. Where Mr. Wells excels is in suddenly seeing large issues clearly, as, for example,

in his criticism of flaws inherent in the parochial policy of the Fabians, and in his valuation of Socialism.

A paragraph from *Tract* 70, published in 1896, dealing with the "Mission of the Fabians" is probably unequalled in all literature for self-complacent stupidity. "The Fabian Society . . . has no distinctive opinions on the Marriage Question, Religion, Art, Abstract Economics, Historic Evolution, Currency, or any other subject than its own business of practical Democracy and Socialism."

The sweep of Mr. Wells's mind would not let him keep company for long with men capable of such fatuity.

* * *

The latter part of Volume I deals with ground which is familiar to me since after being coached by Dr. Briggs at the Tutorial College, where Mr. Wells once taught biology, I proceeded to the Royal College of Science and worked at the same benches as he had. I can therefore testify to the extreme accuracy of his picture. Little had changed in thirty years; Huxley had been worthily replaced by Sedgwick and Farmer who provided a magnificent training in biology; the other departments were as arid and as anti-intellectual as Mr. Wells describes. The deadest of all the subjects was chemistry where there seemed to be little connection between what fizzled and popped and was poured down the sink and the chapter of the textbook which was read aloud as the morning's lecture. The description of Mr. Wells's dissatisfaction and recalcitrance in the Geology Department aroused my most vivid sympathy. His failure there, due to his intellectual insurgence, led to his greatest period of struggle before he got a job as lecturer in biology at the Tutorial College. The whole of this period of his life with its hardships, half-baked ambitions, and amatory adventures is described with astonishing honesty, clearness and impartiality. The account of his marriage and of the character of his first wife is admirable and we get a vivid picture of how he took up writing seriously after a haemorrhage of the lungs. There are many delightfully amusing and witty passages in the book which I should like to touch on: the reader must discover them for himself. If Mr. Wells has achieved as great a success in the second volume (where his difficulties will be far greater) he will have written the best autobiography by an Englishman. The only book for interest and importance with which I can compare it is *The Education of Henry Adams*. This first volume, at all events, is Mr. Wells's masterpiece.

DAVID GARNETT

THE RISE AND FALL OF LIBERALISM

Freedom and Organisation, 1814-1914. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Allen and Unwin.* 15s.

History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century. By BENEDETTO CROCE. Translated by HENRY FURST. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Down to 1870 there was good ground for thinking hopefully of the future of Europe. It is easy, of course, to see that the optimism of the time—in England the optimism of a sheltered people living in a little pocket of peace and forgetting how much of the world's history was storm and violence—was ridiculous in its extravagance. But it is true that Liberal ideas seemed to be spreading, that Free Trade had covered a good part of Europe with commercial treaties, that constitutional government was making way and that the man who expected that civilisation would make a good rather than a bad use of its new resources was not necessarily a foolish dreamer. After the Franco-German war the prospect changed. The most dramatic illustration of the change was the new Germany. A liberal Italy was the product of the first phase; Bismarck's Germany the product of the second. Such was the power of nineteenth-century optimism that few at first realised the significance of what had happened. Even when the crash came in 1914, most people began to throw up a new scaffolding of confidence over the ruins, persuading themselves that the thicker the débris the easier it would be to build a sound system. The disillusionments that have followed the peace have done much more than destroy the old confidence that progress was certain: they have shaken the belief that it is possible. To the danger of false confidence there has succeeded the danger of false despair. In these two books, two eminent philosophers have set out to understand and interpret the history of the nineteenth century and its lessons. For Croce the century begins with a great light which burns first in one country and then in another. This light came from the French Revolution. Down to 1870 it was a great power. He finds it first in Germany in the good romantic movement; then in France; then after 1848 in Italy, where of course its great apostle is Mazzini. The winning of Italian independence is the masterpiece of nineteenth-century Liberalism. The light disappears after Bismarck's rise. The treatment of Alsace-Lorraine set up an implacable quarrel in Europe, and thus made impossible Mazzini's dream of a United States of Europe, and a regime of mutual generosity and tolerance. Still there was a second best. Europe, though missing unity, might find outward peace; so Europe fell back on the Balance of Power. Bismarck was the chief artificer of this plan for peace, but, unfortunately, his success as a War Minister defeated his plan. For the Balance of Power was soon disturbed by a more serious quarrel than any that had yet arisen; the quarrel between Germany and England. And this quarrel sprang from Germany's victories, for those victories, working on the mind of thinkers and teachers, taught Germany a new ambition. She challenged England for a greater prize than territory, something like the leadership of the world. Thus, Bismarck's satisfied State became a restless and aggressive Power, and Bismarck's equilibrium was upset.

Mr. Russell's book is also a post-mortem examination of Liberalism, but he differs from Croce in pushing his inquiries further, and in considering elements that Croce leaves on one side. Also, whereas Croce talks in a tragic tone as if the relations are in the room, Mr. Russell gives rein to all the fancies that come into his mind as he reflects on the sport that history has made of man's dreams. His wit, so much more versatile and subtle than that of any of his contemporaries, enables him to describe men and ideas in passages that fascinate his readers. Yet something of the atmosphere of the occasion hangs about his pages, for there is a sense of tragedy which keeps his satire from becoming too bitter. To some readers—and the present reviewer is one of them—his account of the last chapter of the old world will seem to

SOUTH AFRICA—
Land of Good Hope

The lofty pediment which crowns the frontage of South Africa House in Trafalgar Square, London, bears a carving in stone of an old-time vessel of sail named Good Hope. The symbol is linked historically with the foundations of South Africa—*Land of Good Hope*—and it is apposite to the present-day conditions in this Dominion.

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put too much blame on France and England and too little on the Central Powers. His remark that nobody wanted war except perhaps France scarcely does justice to the truth on which Croce insists, that Germany had become like France an unsatisfied Power, or to the special circumstances and temptation of Austria-Hungary after the Balkan wars. But in a book conceived on this scale, these issues are concerned rather with the accidents than the essence of the problem, for the argument of these pages all goes to show that the world had got into such a mess that disaster was only a question of time.

Bismarck Mr. Russell judges as severely as Croce. His description may be given as a good illustration of his brilliant style. "The world that he created was of a piece with his emotions. It was divided into Germany, which was to be cherished, and the rest of the globe, which was to be either used or subdued. He was himself harsh, restless and heroic, and he sought to remould the world in his own image. Unfortunately he was largely successful." To Mazzini he is much less sympathetic than Croce, who calls him in an unhappy phrase "the clear-eyed apostle." "Not only the nation," says Mr. Russell, "but also the family had for Mazzini the sacredness of a natural group which is more than the sum of its individuals. The Family, he said, is the Heart's Fatherland. . . . Mazzini was a bachelor. It was with an exile's idealisation that he viewed both family and country." Moreover, just as Croce found that Hegel, though in some senses he treated history more profoundly than anybody else, had tendencies and theories that helped to produce Bismarck's Germany, so Mr. Russell finds Mazzini every now and again shading into Mussolini.

The early nineteenth century gave the world the ideas of democracy and nationality. These philosophers try to show why mankind got plutocracy out of the first, and why the second came to such catastrophe that Grillparzer quoted by Croce says of it: "Humanity, through nationality, returns to bestiality." Perhaps the best discussion of the first problem is to be found in the hundred pages that Mr. Russell devotes to the United States. He has an admirable passage about the loss to America of the mellowing ingredient of the eighteenth century. American civilisation in the north passed too abruptly from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth. Jefferson, of whom he writes with vivid sympathy, stood for this influence, but unhappily, though he influenced politics greatly, he influenced culture much less. The struggle between him and Alexander Hamilton ended in a compromise. One made America the home of democracy; the other made her the home of the millionaire. These pages, which sparkle with descriptions of great American figures, show better than any others how democracy is defeated when it cannot grasp the problems of a changing world.

Were the ideas of democracy and nationality misleading, and did they guide civilisation down hill? At one point, Mr. Russell suggests that the reaction against the suppression of the early revolutions in Metternich's time destroyed the beginnings of international government that had been established at Vienna. But it is difficult to think that international government could have made progress under such auspices. It is rather too much like starting international government in Asia with the general scramble for China, or the treaties between Russia and England about Persia. The general truth that Mr. Russell reaches in his conclusion will surprise none of those who have followed his careful and penetrating discussion of the different schools of opinion. "The nineteenth century was brought to its disastrous end by a conflict between industrial technique and political theory." Scientific invention had outrun political wisdom. Men were making and using tools on one plane, thinking on another. The age was dominated by the illusion that science and invention of themselves carried mankind forward. The truth is, as Mr. Arnold Toynbee has shown with many examples in his profound *Study of History*, rather the opposite, the ages when man is advancing in technical skill are more often than not ages of decline in culture. The invention of the steam engine was a reason not for confidence but for misgiving. Here Croce and Mr. Russell come together again. Croce says that we gave science a false place and ceased to think in the large spirit of history, thus creating a void into which there poured limiting ideas, the ideas of Marx, the worship of force, the misunderstanding of Darwin and the rest. Mr. Russell says that "effective political thought had not kept pace with the increasing concentration of authority." In the nineteenth century men thought much too little about the international problems created by their inventions. There were a few exceptions. Adam Smith, looking out on a world in which the Atlantic had been made a pirate sea, wrote the *Wealth of Nations*, much as Sir Norman Angell wrote *The Great Illusion*, hoping to put an end to this kind of strife. His pupil Cobden was a Free Trader, primarily because he had an international mind and he saw that the struggle over America would be followed by a struggle over Africa if States fought each other with tariffs. That was why he received the ecstatic welcome on the Continent Mr. Russell describes; why he had as pupils not only Cavour, who was a great statesman, but also Napoleon the Third, whose strange career marks the watershed between liberal and "activist" Europe. For with his Liberal mind Napoleon was ready to take risks for international friendship, while, with his arrivist mind, he was tempted into the role of an unsuccessful Bismarck. The only other English statesman who had cherished a large view of Europe was Gladstone, with his guiding idea of public law. He gave expression to that view in his action after Majuba, in his treatment of the Alabama question, and in his Home Rule policy. It may perhaps be said that his Home Rule plan in 1886 offered Europe her last chance of escape from the passions that were overwhelming the early promise of the century. Its rejection was followed by the Imperialist reaction of the Boer War. But these were generous episodes, rather than a great constructive policy. If some of the years he spent, in Mr. Temperley's phrase, making up the nation's accounts as neatly as a grocer, had been spent in the Foreign Office, he might have given to his ideas a place in the history of Europe.

J. L. HAMMOND

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EDUCATING THE WORKING CLASS

Oxford Into Coalfield. By ROGER DATALLER. *Dent.* 5s.

I Was a Tramp. By JOHN BROWN. *Selwyn and Blount.* 9s.

Roger Dataller is—or was—a miner, whose first book, *A Pitman's Notebook*, arrested my attention years ago as the work of a thoughtful mind stimulated to expression by the horrors of coal-getting. More recently he set down, in *A Pitman Looks at Oxford*, the reactions of that mind to the traditions and society of an old university. Now, with Oxford behind him and himself in the coalfields again, he gives us the other half of the picture. But he is no longer in the coalfields as a collier: those days are over. He left Oxford in 1931 for the South Yorkshire mining area to organise for the W.E.A. According to the publisher, *Oxford Into Coalfield* is the narrative of that work, but in fact it is both less and more than this. It is less, in the sense that it does not record in sequence the steps he took or the methods he pursued, nor does it attempt an assessment in any practical shape of the results achieved. It is much more, in the sense that it tells us a great deal about the life and character of the people among whom he is working which no formal account could do, and leaves us with a memorably human picture of a typical northern industrial area. More still, it gives us knowledge of the author to add to what we had acquired from his earlier books. Roger Dataller is not only an educationist and a reformer; he is a dreamer and a bit of a poet. Though he was wrestling with economics his personal interest is primarily literature, and it is on literature that he has lectured to his working-class audiences for three years.

His story of his efforts to organise for adult education makes an interesting commentary on the various types of humanity to be encountered in a mining locality. Though passionate, he remains detached, which relieves his writing of any taint of propaganda or bias. One of his recurring difficulties is the opposition of the doctrinaire Marxists who have acquired a religious faith in the inviolability of the Word and very little else. They call him a hireling of the "boss-class" and distrust him bringing cultural gifts. Then there is the usual opposition from the established order which has given up long ago in despair—the local schoolmaster who doesn't want to be bothered with anything that will

HALT PASSENGER!

A note with special reference to this number of the "New Statesman and Nation."

The Abbé Dimnet prefaces his admirable little book, *The Art of Thinking*, with these words:

> "It is a fact that millions of men and women are anxious to take lessons in the Art of Thinking and that some other men or women have to take the risk of seeming presumptuous in offering those lessons. Anybody who does it need not be a genius. Genius has never been supposed to be a particularly good teacher of any art. It is better that the teacher of the Art of Thinking should not be a person who knows no difficulty in thinking, or produces such brilliant thoughts that they will be disheartening to the tiro."

M. Dimnet later says that his book comes "from a wish to help instead of dazzle." He is trying to help the reader "to think his best as well as live his noblest," which, in a sentence, is the aim of Pelmanism. Sometimes we find that intelligent and well-informed men and women have a completely erroneous impression of what Pelmanism is. They refer to it jocularly and seem to regard it as a system of memory-training having no other object than to show the student how he or she may pack a mental wardrobe with factual apparel that may or may not be of some use in the future. This is the one thing that Pelmanism avoids. *It teaches just as much how to forget as how to remember.*

An Intelligence Test.

In this issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION we presume there will be printed the customary selected list of Autumn Books. Last year this list consisted of thirteen columns of titles. Pelmanism, you may think, might teach you to stock your memory with the titles of a large number of books from this list, these being the books in which you are especially interested. Obviously there would be no sense in trying to memorise titles in this way; you would just tick them off on your list or copy out the titles. But what of the books you *read* last October? Can you take a scrap of paper now and scribble down with reasonable accuracy half a dozen recollections from your reading of Virginia Woolf's *Flush?* What do you remember of Winston Churchill's *Marlborough*, or of Mr. Lloyd George's second volume of *War Memoirs*? We might go on and give dozens of such examples of books, parts of which or points in which you would wish to remember.

The Selective Mind.

But you may say that these things don't matter to you and that you can always look up the books in question. But please let us repeat: Pelmanism is not parrotism, nor does it aim at turning you into a "Caliban" (N.S. & N. edition!). Pelmanism tries to teach you how to use your mind in the same way as learning a craft teaches you how to use your hands. It gives your mind selectivity. An orderly mind is neither a question of being intellectual nor being stupid. It is a question of tidying up your mental habits. Some of the most intellectual men and women are as slovenly, mentally, as the most ignorant.

This "tidying up" or clarifying of your mind can lessen your mental exhaustion very considerably. It has on your mind the effect that a holiday has on your body.

We hear a lot about people having an Inferiority complex. This is in many cases no more than diffidence born of a confused mind. Lucidity of thought and brevity of expression are invaluable assets, whatever your work or profession is. The object of Pelmanism, stated in a few words, is to teach you to think in an orderly manner, to remember things that you need to remember and to forget the things you should forget because they have no survival-value.

A World Wide Institution.

Mr. W. J. Ennever, founder of the Pelman Institute, has directed the Institutes throughout the world for the past thirty-five years. Sometimes we hear of people talking of the Pelman Institutes as though they were war-time mushroom growths. Nothing is further from the truth. Pelmanism existed many years before the war and thousands of men and women everywhere are to-day benefiting by its teaching and guidance. These men and women are of all classes, of all professions, and of all nationalities. Men and women whom we would regard as typical readers of this journal come to us and find that the Institute embraces their particular needs. It is in fact ready to deal with mental difficulties individually, but claims to work no miracles. Its teaching is based on plain straight-forward common sense, aided by the scientific study of practical psychology.

Mental Discipline—Mental Power.

We would hazard a guess that a very large proportion of the readers of this journal are middle-aged or approaching middle age. This is just the time of life when men and women become conscious of the threat of mental changes. It is just the time, therefore, to take the matter in hand, and this is where Pelmanism can be of real value. We would lay stress on that word, "value," because in many cases it *is* a question of £ *s. d.* An eminent author and lecturer, over 60, frankly admitted that the discipline of the Pelman Course had enabled him to write a last book, the production of which had up to that time appeared impossible.

Going back to M. Dimnet's words we must "take the risk of seeming presumptuous" by inviting every reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to apply to himself or herself some such tests as those we mention in the early paragraphs of this announcement. Send us a note and we will tell you whether we think the Pelman Institute can help you. But do it to-day or (pardon the implication!) your memory may once again let you down! Your correspondence will be treated with complete confidence.

Address your communication to the Secretary, The Pelman Institute, 77, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

add to his work or disturb the sloth into which his mind has sunk. There are Trade Union obstacles, too.

> Much more awkward is the attitude of certain trade union officials, who seem, for inconceivable reasons, afraid of the new education.
>
> "Afraid of competition?" I suggest. He looks across and smiles slowly. There is meaning in the smile.

He finds some of the local branches "not interested in anything save their own local scramblings and grievances." Nothing very novel in that, but it meant more obstacles to be broken down. Above all, there is appalling dead-weight of middle- and working-class inertia—the Henry and Martha Dubbs as he calls them, the Strube's "little men"—aided and abetted by the weather, the "enervating physical atmosphere." At one moment he pities, almost loves them; they are so fundamentally "decent," and he is moved to indignation against the "legion of scamps and curs that would endeavour to trade upon that decency, cozening, deluding and luring them to destruction." But in the next instant he is angered and disgusted by them, by their indifference, their mental lethargy, their unabashed credulity:

> We bring the whole heritage of culture . . . and lay it at their feet. They are not interested. We introduce those figures who alone make human history of real significance and without a "by your leave" they stream away for intimate communion with Jean Harlow or with Wallace Beery. Ladies and gentlemen? Dear comrades and friends? "The people, sir? The people is a great beast!" A fig for the people.
>
> Please hand me my Carlyle. . . .

That is the mood to which the uphill task can occasionally reduce him: "The appeal for 'mass' movement, 'mass' indignation, 'mass' ideology—how pathetic it all is." But a paragraph earlier he has put his finger, symbolically, on the truth. The result, he says, writing of something else, "lies with the passionate few!" It does, and it is the answer, and it is working. The really significant passages in this notebook are not those which describe the failures and the obstacles, but those that describe the successes and the progress. That anyone at all in such unpromising surroundings should summon the spare energy, the resolution, the mental virility to study and to rise is itself not least remarkable. The thirst for knowledge, information, the eager pitmen with heads thrust forward in attention, the wives who bring their babies to the lecture-room rather than miss a session—*these* are not pathetic, they are grand. Writing of his own three years of lecturing, he records: "For myself, it is not accomplishment in great literature that I have seen; it is the wonderful possibility of that literature nipped by economic necessity, shrivelled by domestic *mésalliance*, but still shooting bravely in the unrecorded corners of this country." He demands, "Why, in the name of wonder, are these voices not heard?" And answers instantly: "Patience. They will be."

Well, in a measure, his own is one such voice. He writes with much delicacy of feeling, and some of the most striking passages in his book are those that are, strictly speaking, least relevant—the interlude called "A Mining Girlhood," for example, and the story of the soldier who got his own way, and the awful story of the soft coal-pit.

Mr. John Brown's book has an affinity with Mr. Dataller's in that the mingled airs of Oxford and industrialism breathe over both. But whereas Mr. Dataller's looks outward from Oxford to industrial England, Mr. Brown's looks inward from industrial England to Oxford. Or, at least, part of it does. Before he gets to Oxford towards the end of his book he has taken us through an amazing story of his own hazards and adventures from his birth in South Shields in 1907. He was in turn seaman, tramp, a youth on the dole, boxer in a travelling booth, and other things. His story is a remarkable one of determination through persistent vicissitude, bringing him at last to Durham University and thence to Oxford. While at Oxford he played an energetic part in Left-wing activities, being prominent in the famous "King and Country" debate, in the anti-Fascist campaign, in local elections, and also spending most of his vacations in effort for the working-class cause in his home and other localities. It was he, by the way, who was offered a free ticket to Russia by Lord Nuffield, provided he would go! (He returned to England this week.)

Such enterprise and ability stifle criticism of his book, except to say that it might have been improved to the extent of various excisions of episodes not in themselves entirely worth recording. What matters is that such young men exist and struggle to the surface. They are the answer to Roger Dataller's question and the justification of his reply.

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Autumn Books Supplement

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RUSSIA

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Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Administration of Justice in Criminal Matters in Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika Territory and Correspondence arising out of the Report. Cmd. 4623. 3*s*. (3*s*. 3*d*.). Minutes of Evidence with Index and Memoranda submitted to the Commission. 20*s*. (20*s*. 6*d*.).

Report of the Kenya Land Commission. Cmd. 4556. 11*s*. (11*s*. 9*d*.).

FRANCE AND GERMANY

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CONTENTS

D. H. LAWRENCE'S LETTER FROM GERMANY . . . Page 481
CHARLES II AND MADAME. By John Hayward 482
A YORKSHIRE VILLAGE. By J. L. Hammond 482
AN EARLY EMBASSY TO THE COURT OF CHINA. By Peter Quennell 484
MR. BELLOC SUMS UP. By G. M. Young 486
WILLIAM JAGGARD. By W. J. Lawrence 486
A PUBLISHER'S RECORD. By W. 488
LONDON STREETS. By G. W. Stonier 488
THE STORY OF GARDENING. By H. E. Bates 490
ANTHOLOGIES. By K. John. 490
ANCIENT LITERARY THEORY. By E. E. Kellett 492
THE GREEN FIELD. By Richard Church 494
SHORTER NOTICE 494
SELECTED LIST OF AUTUMN BOOKS. By David Garnett . . 496

D. H. LAWRENCE'S LETTER FROM GERMANY

[*This letter, written by D. H. Lawrence in* 1928, *shows a remarkable sensitiveness to the trend of events in Germany at a time when Hitlerism, as we know it now, hardly existed.*]

WE are going back to Paris to-morrow, so this is the last moment to write a letter from Germany. Only from the fringe of Germany, too.

It is a miserable journey from Paris to Nancy, through that Marne country, where the country still seems to have had the soul blasted out of it, though the dreary fields are ploughed and level, and the pale wire trees stand up. But it is all void and null. And in the villages, the smashed houses in the street rows, like rotten teeth between good teeth.

You come to Strasbourg, and the people still talk Alsatian German, as ever, in spite of French shop-signs. The place feels dead. And full of cotton goods, white goods, from Mülhausen, from the factories that once were German. Such cheap white cotton goods, in a glut.

The cathedral front rearing up high and flat and fanciful, a sort of darkness in the dark, with round rose windows and long, long prisons of stone. Queer that men should have ever wanted to put stone upon faithful stone to such a height without having it fall down. The gothic! I was always glad when my card-castle fell. But these goths and alemans seemed to have a craze for peaky heights.

The Rhine is still the Rhine, the great divider. You feel it as you cross. The flat, frozen, watery places. Then the cold and curving river. Then the other side, seeming so cold, so empty, so frozen, so forsaken. The train stands and steams fiercely. Then it draws through the flat Rhine plain, past frozen pools of flood-water, and frozen fields, in the emptiness of this bit of occupied territory.

Immediately you are over the Rhine, the spirit of place has changed. There is no more attempt at the bluff of geniality. The marshy places are frozen. The fields are vacant. There seems nobody in the world.

It is as if the life had retreated eastwards. As if the Germanic life were slowly ebbing away from contact with western Europe, ebbing to the deserts of the east. And there stand the heavy, ponderous round hills of the Black Forest, black with an inky blackness of Germanic trees, and patched with a whiteness of snow. They are like a series of huge, involved black mounds, obstructing the vision eastwards. You look at them from the Rhine plain, and know that you stand on an actual border, up against something.

The moment you are in Germany, you know. It feels empty, and, somehow, menacing. So must the Roman soldiers have watched those black, massive round hills: with a certain fear, and with the knowledge that they were at their own limit. A fear of the invisible natives. A fear of the invisible life lurking among the woods. A fear of their own opposite.

So it is with the French: this almost mystic fear. But one should not insult even one's fears.

Germany, this bit of Germany, is very different from what it was two and a half years ago, when I was here. Then it was still open to Europe. Then it still looked to western Europe for a reunion, for a sort of reconciliation. Now that is over. The inevitable, mysterious barrier has fallen again, and the great leaning of the Germanic spirit is once more eastwards, towards Russia, towards Tartary. The strange vortex of Tartary has become the positive centre again, the positivity of western Europe is broken. The positivity of our civilisation has broken. The influences that come, come invisibly out of Tartary. So that all Germany reads *Men, Beasts and Gods* with a kind of fascination. Returning again to the fascination of the destructive East, that produced Attila.

So it is at night. Baden-Baden is a little quiet place, all its guests gone. No more Turgenevs or Dostoevskys or Grand Dukes or King Edwards coming to drink the waters. All the outward effect of a world-famous watering-place. But empty now, a mere Black Forest village with the wagon-loads of timber going through, to the French.

The Rentenmark, the new gold Mark of Germany, is abominably dear. Prices are high in England, but English money buys less in Baden than it buys in London, by a long chalk. And there is no work—consequently no money. Nobody buys anything, except absolute necessities. The shopkeepers are in despair. And there is less and less work.

Everybody gives up the telephone—can't afford it. The tramcars don't run, except about three times a day to the station. Up to the Annaberg, the suburb, the lines are rusty, no trams ever go. The people can't afford the ten Pfennigs for the fare. Ten Pfennigs is an important sum now: one penny. It is really a hundred Milliards of Marks.

Money becomes insane, and people with it.

At night the place is almost dark, economising light. Economy, economy, economy—that, too, becomes an insanity. Luckily the government keeps bread fairly cheap.

But at night you feel strange things stirring in the darkness, strange feelings stirring out of this still-unconquered Black Forest. You stiffen your backbone and you listen to the night. There is a sense of danger. It is not the people. They don't seem dangerous. Out of the very air comes a sense of danger, a queer, *bristling* feeling of uncanny danger.

Something has happened. Something has happened which has not yet eventuated. The old spell of the old world has broken, and the old, bristling, savage spirit has set in. The war did not break the old peace-and-production hope of the world, though it gave it a severe wrench. Yet the old peace-and-production hope still governs, at least the consciousness. Even in Germany it has not quite gone.

But it feels as if, virtually, it were gone. The last two years have done it. The hope in peace-and-production is broken. The old flow, the old adherence is ruptured. And a still older flow has set in. Back, back to the savage polarity of Tartary, and away from the polarity of civilised Christian Europe. This, it seems to me, has already happened. And it is a happening of far more profound import than any actual *event*. It is the father of the next phase of events.

And the feeling never relaxes. As you travel up the Rhine valley, still the same latent sense of danger, of silence, of suspension. Not that the people are actually planning or plotting or preparing. I don't believe it for a minute. But something has happened to the human soul, beyond all help. The human soul recoiling now from unison, and making itself strong elsewhere. The ancient spirit of prehistoric Germany coming back, at the end of history.

The same in Heidelberg. Heidelberg full, full, full of people. Students the same, youth with rucksacks the same, boys and maidens in gangs come down from the hills. The same, and not the same. These queer gangs of *Young Socialists*, youths and girls, with their non-materialistic professions, their half-mystic assertions, they strike one as strange. Something primitive, like loose, roving gangs of broken, scattered tribes, so they affect one. And the swarms of people somehow produce an impression of silence, of secrecy, of stealth. It is as

if everything and everybody recoiled away from the old unison, as barbarians lurking in a wood recoil out of sight. The old habits remain. But the bulk of the people have no money. And the whole stream of feeling is reversed.

So you stand in the woods above the town and see the Neckar flowing green and swift and slippery out of the gulf of Germany, to the Rhine. And the sun sets slow and scarlet into the haze of the Rhine valley. And the old, pinkish stone of the ruined castle across looks sultry, the marshalry is in shadow below, the peaked roofs of old, tight Heidelberg compressed in its river gateway glimmer and glimmer out. There is a blue haze.

And it all looks as if the years were wheeling swiftly backwards, no more onwards. Like a spring that is broken and whirls swiftly back, so time seems to be whirling with mysterious swiftness to a sort of death. Whirling to the ghost of the old Middle Ages of Germany, then to the Roman days, then to the days of the silent forest and the dangerous, lurking barbarians.

Something about the Germanic races is unalterable. White-skinned, elemental, and dangerous. Our civilisation has come from the fusion of the dark-eyed with the blue. The meeting and mixing and mingling of the two races has been the joy of our ages. And the Celt has been there, alien, but necessary as some chemical reagent to the fusion. So the civilisation of Europe rose up. So these cathedrals and these thoughts.

But now the Celt is the disintegrating agent. And the Latin and southern races are falling out of association with the northern races, the northern Germanic impulse is recoiling towards Tartary, the destructive vortex of Tartary.

It is a fate; nobody now can alter it. It is a fate. The very blood changes. Within the last three years, the very constituency of the blood has changed, in European veins. But particularly in Germanic veins.

At the same time, we have brought it about ourselves—by a Ruhr occupation, by an English nullity, and by a German false will. We have done it ourselves. But apparently it was not to be helped.

Quos vult perdere Deus, dementat prius.

CHARLES II AND MADAME

Charles II and Madame. By Cyril Hughes Hartmann. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

The England of Charles II. By Arthur Bryant. *Longmans.* 6*s.*

Although a great deal of nonsense still continues to be written about Charles II and his reign, perpetuating the romantic legend that, after the Restoration, England was entirely given over to chambering and wantonness, the "backstairs" view of the period seems to be yielding at last to a clearer, more responsible and accurate type of survey. Both Mr. Cyril Hartmann and Mr. Arthur Bryant have played a part in disentangling the thread of affairs from the ribbons and laces of the bedchamber. To say that neither of them is a professional historian is to say no more, perhaps, than that their books are written to be read rather than studied. For there is no question that they are not fully and carefully documented. Both have shown their ability to grasp facts, and the imagination necessary to interpret them. It is only when their imaginative sympathy tends, as it sometimes does, to get the better of their judgment, and detachment is momentarily lost, that the reader who is in a position to check their facts begins to feel that he is being deceived.

Mr. Hartmann has been at great pains, however, in his latest study, to leave facts to speak for themselves, reserving only a short final chapter for his own true-blue Tory opinions of Charles and his foreign policy. The purpose of his book is to provide for the first time a definitive and annotated text of the surviving letters which passed between Charles II and his sister during the ten years' preparation for a secret alliance between Whitehall and Versailles. He has not attempted, except incidentally, to rewrite the biographies of the protagonists in this curious and rather pathetic drama; the emphasis throughout his running commentary is, as it should be, on the political and not on the personal significance of the correspondence. Hitherto, the only available text of the letters—incomplete and imperfect—given by the Comte de Baillon and Mrs. Ady in their admirable studies of the Duchesse d'Orléans, has been used to illustrate the life of Madame in such a way that the historical importance of the correspondence was made to subserve purely biographical ends. Mr. Hartmann has restored the balance. In the first place, he has established the true canon of the letters, incorporating two from Charles and two from Madame—among the latter the exceedingly important document printed by Mr. Keith Feiling in 1932 from the Clifford archives—which have never before appeared in a complete edition of the correspondence, and adding, for the first time, two new letters from Charles, printed from drafts he discovered in the Record Office. Secondly, he has restored the chronology—a task for which he is eminently fitted by his wide knowledge of the French and English courts—and so modified the narrative of the negotiations. Further, he has emended the translation of the cypher used by Charles in his later and most secret communications and retranslated Madame's letters, the original of which the curious reader will find in all the glory of their fantastic spelling and phraseology in an appendix. Finally, and of capital importance to the student of Charles II's foreign policy, Mr. Hartmann has made use of unpublished documents in the Clifford archives at Ugbrooke Park, notably those in the hand of Thomas Clifford, one of the original signatories of the secret Treaty of Dover, who drafted the whole series of secret propositions between the French and English kings. Of the letters themselves there is no need to say anything except that Mr. Hartmann's commentary makes them appear to be more interesting than they really are. Neither Charles nor his "dearest Minette" was a natural letter-writer; he, on his side, though affectionate and concerned for his sister's happiness, particularly after her marriage to the Chevalier de Lorraine, was lazy and dilatory; she, on hers, did her best to fill the difficult role of ambassadress-extraordinary, and, with no gift of expressing herself, tried to keep her brother informed of her brother-in-law's intentions. Their letters, though, are valuable apart from their historical importance, if only because they show, in scattered sentences, that kings and princesses in the ordinary business of life are much like anybody else.

It is the ordinary business of life, the ordinary man and woman, and the common and garden England of the later seventeenth century that Mr. Bryant attempts to describe in his long essay, which can be recommended to those who enjoyed his biography of the King. Carefully compiled and pleasantly written, it struck me as an odd mixture of fact and fiction, rather as if Mr. Bryant, a romantic film impresario, had commissioned Mr. Bryant, the historical student, to write an accurate scenario of Restoration England, and had then taken it over and added sentiment, romance and appropriate generalisations suited to the taste of the general public. For example, in a chapter devoted to the family, as the "unit of life" he interpolates: "Parents were always praying that God would 'fill the cradle with sweet brave babes.' The prayer," he adds, "was generally answered." Or again, he would have us believe that what he called "Classical thought permeated the culture of the English governing class"—a sentence in which almost every word requires, if in the context it did not defy, definition. In his lively and picturesque account of the way "these ancestors of ours"—"in many things still children"—lived and amused themselves, Mr. Bryant seems to have transferred the epithet "merry" from the monarch to his people, and to have created a world in which even his "fair, frail ladies" seem to belong to a happier, wiser and more delightful race. By a little injudicious selection it would be possible to paint an equally seductive picture of England at the present time. What Mr. Bryant should do is to paint a complementary picture of the misery, injustice and intolerance which existed side by side with the charm and innocence and boisterous love of life he dwells on so sympathetically in his present sketch. He is well qualified for the task.

John Hayward

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on its history. There had been a good deal of piecemeal enclosure before 1754, but at that time there were 550 acres of open field land. In 1793 there was further enclosure by agreement, with the result that the open field land was reduced to 66 acres. Of the details of this enclosure nothing apparently is known except that eight tenant farmers relinquished their holdings. Oddly enough, the 66 acres remained open field until quite lately. In 1904, 56 acres were small fields divided into 61 strips with five owners who worked on the old system. The authors give a melancholy picture of their want of will to co-operate. "The entire absence of boundary stones or marks between the strips gave rise to frequent altercations between the respective tenants, especially at ploughing times and harvest. Strangely enough, there was not even a working arrangement among the tenants themselves, A, for instance, delaying his own harvesting operations as long as possible in the hope that B would ease things for him by 'opening out first.'" There seems to have been more corporate spirit in the eighteenth century, for one of the most interesting documents in the book is the text of the articles of agreement accepted in 1784 by the Lord of the Manor and the twenty-seven owners or occupiers of land for the stocking of the common.

The village has an interesting history, but its circumstances are not typical of modern experience. As there is one owner, and he is the owner also of the tithe, many of our most acute problems do not arise. The reader will be tempted to think of other fields of inquiry to which such devoted labours might well be directed. We are witnessing an agrarian revolution with the great change in agricultural ownership and the break-up of old estates that have followed the war. Would it not be a great advantage to us and to posterity if expert researchers would investigate the history of some of these revolutions, would show exactly what is happening to the landscape, to the farmers, to the labourers, to the different village populations, to social relationships and to the life of the community with the dissolution of a great estate, like Lord Brownlow's estate in Hertfordshire?

J. L. HAMMOND

AN EARLY EMBASSY TO THE COURT OF CHINA

A Manchu Monarch. By A. E. GRANTHAM. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

On August 6th, 1816, a squadron of British warships cast anchor near Tang Ku in the Gulf of Pechili. The purpose of this ponderous expedition was to convey to the Court of China an English nobleman, Lord Amherst, recently appointed ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, Sir George Staunton, his second-in-command, Henry Ellis, the third commissioner (who, before landing, had already conceived an extremely unfavourable impression of Chinese life and character), and other members of the British ambassador's suite. On August 9th, after a troublesome and difficult journey, in a state of "constant liquefaction and langour" that had set the nerves of the whole party buzzing and jangling, they arrived within the outer precincts of the Imperial palace; and, on August 29th, in a condition "not far removed from phrenzy," Lord Amherst and his assistants bade farewell. The embassy had broken down at every point; Lord Amherst left China in a towering rage.

This abortive expedition was not the first. More than two decades earlier, in 1793, Lord Macartney had reached China on the same mission; like Lord Amherst, he had by no means accomplished all that he had set out to do, but he had at least obtained an audience of the Emperor—the present Emperor's father, the majestic and venerable Ch'ien Lung—and had scored a resounding triumph for British diplomacy. He, too, had encountered opposition. Macartney, however, was a less unintelligent man than the stiff-necked and self-important personage who followed in his footsteps. The attitude displayed by members of the second embassy was that of prejudiced and provincial critics, determined at any cost to remain convinced of the immense superiority of modern European culture. They found little to admire and much to condemn. Henry Ellis continued to think the Chinese "a most uninteresting nation," and added that he considered the entire race a "noisy, nasty, nefarious, frowsy, half-civilised, prejudiced, impracticable people," sunk in ignorance of the dullest and dreariest kind. Lord Amherst could see nothing beyond his dignity; Staunton was an erudite but embittered official.

Perhaps the change of century is significant. To the eighteenth century, China was still the remote, peaceful and enlightened region, popularised by French philosophers, its scenery and buildings still part of the fantastic and delicious landscape from which Boucher and other artists had taken their cue. Pagodas and Chinese bridges were still fashionable. As the expedition in its lanterned and beflagged state-barges sailed up the river towards Peking, Macartney and his friends gazed with delight and curiosity at all that met their eyes. The crowds were inquisitive, but not ill-mannered; Chinese officials proved obstructive, but the English gentlemen appreciated the pomp and elegance with which their Chinese counterparts surrounded the engrossing business of public life. The streets of Peking were broad and animated; the English party gazed critically, yet not without interest, at the theatrical spectacles provided for their benefit, at the splendid traditional costumes of the actors and the solemn pacings and posturings by which the long and elaborate dramas were expressed, though the perpetual clashing of gongs seemed a trifle wearisome. Nor did they complain often of their accommodation. Yuen-min-Yuen, the summer palace, where they were housed for a short time, struck Macartney as a truly Imperial residence:

> The park (he wrote) is said to be eighteen miles round, and laid out in all the taste, variety, and magnificence which distinguish the rural scenery of Chinese gardening. The various beauties of the spot, its lakes and rivers, together with its superb edifices, which I saw (and yet I saw but a very small part), so strongly impressed my mind at this moment that I feel incapable of describing them.

In these elegant surroundings, Macartney was quite abashed to discover an English musical clock, "decorated in wretched old taste," that played "twelve old English tunes, the 'Black Joke,' 'Lillibullero,' and other airs of the 'Beggars' Opera.'" From Yuen-min-Yuen, a palace afterwards sacked and partly demolished by Lord Elgin and the allied French general (who, to his credit, gave the order unwillingly), Macartney proceeded to the great hunting palace of Jehol, now the headquarters of a Japanese expeditionary force. It was at Jehol that his real difficulties began. Could an English ambassador be expected to perform the ceremonial kowtow? Must the representative of a great European power abase himself to the floor with ritual reverence at the feet of a pagan Chinese Emperor? Lord Macartney decided that he should not. Unlike the unfortunate Lord Amherst, Lord Macartney combined the flexibility of the born diplomatist with the obstinacy of the true-blue Englishman; and certain alternatives and compromises were therefore put forward—to wit, either that a mandarin of equal rank should abase himself before the portrait of His Majesty King George III which the ambassador had brought with him in his luggage, or that, when presented to Ch'ien Lung, Lord Macartney should pay him the same honour as he would have been prepared to pay to his own sovereign.

On such lines the question was finally settled. Lord Macartney, dressed in a richly embroidered velvet suit, beneath "the mantle of the Order of the Bath, with the collar and diamond badge and a diamond star," escorted by the second commissioner, also resplendent in a velvet suit—to which he had added the flowing scarlet robes of a Doctor of Laws of the University of Oxford—at the head of a procession that comprised "music, guards, palanquins, and officers and gentlemen of the Embassy on horseback," made his way to a place appointed for the audience. The ceremony went off without a hitch. As soon as the Emperor had ascended his throne (Macartney tells us), "I came to the entrance of the tent, and, holding in both my hands a large gold box enriched with diamonds in which was enclosed the King's letter, I walked deliberately up, and, ascending the side-steps of the throne, delivered it into the Emperor's own hands. He then gave me as the first present from him to His Majesty the Ju-eu-jou or Giou-giou, as the symbol of peace and prosperity. It is a whitish agate-looking stone about a foot and a half long, curiously carved, and highly prized by the Chinese, but to me it does not appear in itself to be of any great value. The Emperor then presented me with a Ju-eu-jou of a greenish-coloured stone of the same emblematic character; at the same time he very graciously received from me a pair of beautiful enamelled watches set with diamonds."

Ch'ien Lung was then in his eighty-fourth year. "A very fine old gentleman, still healthy and vigorous," he treated his foreign visitors with the greatest bonhomie and condescension, inquired if they had any of them learned to speak Chinese and, hearing that young Master Staunton, a boy of twelve who already spoke five languages, had alone accomplished this feat, summoned him to his presence and expressed himself much pleased with the young man's "vivacity and deportment." The reward of learning was "a very beautiful fan and several small bags and purses," one of them

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MACMILLAN

taken from the Emperor's own girdle. Alas for infant prodigies who master five languages, not including Chinese, before their thirteenth birthday! Brought up by his ambitious father as a paragon of learning, George Staunton developed into a bigoted, bad-tempered, illiberal and cross-grained middle-aged man; and, when he accompanied Lord Amherst's embassy to the Chinese court almost a quarter of a century later, his knowledge of languages did nothing to ensure its success.

Meanwhile, century and Emperor had both changed. On his death-bed, Ch'ien Lung willed the Empire he had ruled so long and so magnificently to his son, Chia Ch'ing, another prodigy of filial virtue, who signalised his accession by executing and plundering his father's favourite minister, Ho-shên. At this juncture, Miss Grantham takes up the story. In her fascinating book, *A Manchu Monarch*, she attempts to provide an interpretation of Chia Ch'ing's life. Her biography, which is written from a popular and picturesque rather than from a strictly sinological point of view, gives us an extraordinary picture of the career of a Chinese potentate, as it is revealed by the edicts or imperial proclamations with which he showered his subjects at every conceivable opportunity. For a Chinese Emperor was the father of his people. Secluded in one or other of his enormous palaces, hemmed in by a network of complicated court ceremonial, he continued, nevertheless, to admonish, warn, advise and deal out reward and punishment to the huge army of officials, ministers and governors, on whose slack or efficient service depended the working of the Chinese bureaucratic machine. Ch'ien Lung had been a despot in the grand manner, highly civilised, avid of information, the friend of science and art; Chia Ch'ing was avaricious and revengeful. He had none of the liberal curiosity that distinguished his father; and when Lord Amherst, in a state of "constant liquefaction and langour," suffering, moreover, from some obscure intestinal disturbance, which had been caused, no doubt, by the peculiar qualities of Chinese cooking, arrived laden with the tribute of the far West, Chia Ch'ing was not inclined to accept a compromise. The unhappy question of the kowtow was again revived; this time it precipitated complete failure.

The chapter devoted to Lord Amherst's Embassy is one of the most amusing things in Miss Grantham's absorbing and delightful book. On both sides there was misunderstanding; on both sides stupidity and the kind of petty obstructiveness that usually arises when diplomatists get together. Lord Amherst belonged to the nineteenth century; behind him was the arrogance of Europe, in front of him the impenetrable ramparts of Chinese conservatism, a conservatism which, himself a conservative, he envisaged as the wilful absurdity of a semi-barbarian race. Perhaps he did not realise that, as an envoy bearing tribute—not, as he would have preferred to phrase it, an ambassador bearing precious gifts—he was a personage of no very great importance and that the Emperor, though gravely ruffled, soon forgot him. The black smoke-trails of the iron-clad western warships had not yet appeared on the horizon of the China sea.

PETER QUENNELL

Mr. BELLOC SUMS UP

A Shorter History of England. By HILAIRE BELLOC. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A very fair test to apply to a History of England is this: could it be recommended to a foreigner? To such a reader, examinational accuracy is of less importance than clearness of movement, and Mr. Belloc is always clear. But one would have to warn him that Mr. Belloc has ways of his own, and that in pursuit of his fancy he will sometimes crash through the evidence like the wild boar out of the wood. A pretty example occurs in one of his earlier chapters. Mr. Belloc, as is well known, holds that there was a substantial continuity of culture between Roman Britain and Saxon England, by way of sub-Roman Celtic culture. Quite properly, therefore, he emphasises the fact that one of the founders of Wessex bore the "purely Celtic name" of Cymric. It is a good point. Unluckily, no West Saxon king bore the name of Cymric. Can Mr. Belloc have made it up? Domesday statistics are a dreadful labyrinth, from which Mr. Belloc emerges with the conclusion that in the eleventh century 100 acres of arable could feed about seventy people. He may be right, but I should like to see the working, because I am afraid that Mr. Belloc has forgotten their beer.

But on the whole, with some weakness (rather a serious defect) on the institutional side, Mr. Belloc's narrative down to the end of the Middle Ages is compact, lucid and well-proportioned. From the accession of the Tudors to the fall of the Stuarts, the bees buzz consumedly. I am sorry, because to me the Change of Faith remains a mystery on which I should welcome any light, but the blue light in which Mr. Belloc displays the bloodcurdling figure of Cecil the Millionaire, and the golden light which rests on the head of James II, illuminate the author rather than the subject. "My dear creature," says a character in *The Birds*, "do you suppose I am a Lydian or a Phrygian to be frightened by that sort of talk?" When he comes to the dealings of Cromwell with the King, Mr. Belloc seems mastered by his own preconceptions. I admit that if you telescope the rapid and multifarious transactions between June, 1647, and October, 1647, into one act: if you ignore the dominant brain of Ireton: if you carefully refrain from looking at the Heads of Proposals and the Clarke Papers, you might, as a psychological possibility, conceive that Cromwell was determined to have the King's life out of fear for his own. But the Scottish minister's advice in the case of a theological difficulty: look it firmly in the face and pass by: is hardly a canon for historians weighing evidence.

With the opening of the New Age, with Giant King deposed and Giant Pope in exile, Mr. Belloc recovers his control. The last third of the book is the best: the two chapters on England between 1815 and 1885 the best of all: how good will be understood by anyone who has ever tried to arrange the doings of that perplexing time in their logical order, to keep the perspective steady, to get the Corn Laws and the Factory Inspectors, the Public Schools and the Irish all into their right places. Mr. Belloc's deduction of the consequences of the Famine is particularly sound and striking, and, as he invites special attention to this section, I should like to suggest a point which has, perhaps, not escaped his notice. One of the puzzles of the nineteenth century (it occupied Lord Acton's mind at times with curious persistence) is the survival of the Protestant, Biblical ethic, into the agnostic age. How far was this the consequence of the acute and vigilant anti-Romanism of the 'forties and 'fifties, and this in turn the consequence of the adoption of O'Connell, "most glorious of Laymen," by continental Catholicism, as a confessor, and the analogue of Becket, an image which was widely and deeply impressed on Catholic fancy? Newman left St. Mary's in September, 1843: the Clontarf meeting was announced for October 8th: I do not, of course, suppose any connection, but the mere collocation has always struck me as suggestive for the history of Victorian opinion and—if we substitute the names of Campion and O'Neil—instructive for the backward light it throws on Elizabethan opinion. We really know very little of the internal evolution of religious sentiment in nineteenth-century England. I wish Mr. Belloc could be induced to write about it.

G. M. YOUNG

WILLIAM JAGGARD

A Printer of Shakespeare. By EDWIN E. WILLOUGHBY. *Phillip Allan.* 21*s.*

Popular verdicts, no matter how illogical, are seldom reversed. Scholarship fondly imagines it has thoroughly rehabilitated *Richard III*, but to the man in the street the Crookback remains, as Shakespeare made him, the villain of the piece. It is perhaps, on the whole, fortunate that Professor Willoughby's hand has not been stayed by any such reflection. Having conceived an exaggerated estimate of William Jaggard's importance—since he believes the credit must be assigned to him of having "collected" all the plays in the First Folio, notwithstanding that towards that end Heming and Condell staked out an early claim—he has been moved to purposeful indignation by Swinburne's vehement labelling of Jaggard as "an infamous pirate, liar and thief," and, under the belief that the man has been unjustly assigned a wholly sinister reputation, has determinedly set about compiling the first full record of his life in the hope that to know all is to forgive much, and that when all the available facts are placed in their true perspective his offences will sink into the background. A Herculean task this, seeing that it involved a considerable amount of sheer spade work, and the result, if not a consistently readable book—that in the circumstances, viewing the intractable nature of the material, it could not well be—is at any rate a contribution to knowledge. But there are oases in the desert, and incidentally we get revealing glimpses into the early seventeenth century composing room where the inability of the typesetters to read illegible manuscript led to many blunders which proved decidedly *dis*composing to some of the sensitive authors of the

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time. The main result, however, has been to confirm popular opinion in its estimate of Jaggard's obliquities. One has no alternative but to nail his ears to the pump. It is certainly one of life's minor ironies that the man who twice offended Shakespeare by his deliberate misattributions in variant editions of *The Passionate Pilgrim* should live in memory as the printer of the First Folio. But it is idle of Professor Willoughby, in his zeal to make out a case for the defence, to exaggerate his association with that monumental work. Unfortunately, Mr. R. Crompton Rhodes's book on Shakespeare's First Folio has somehow escaped his attention, and there has not as yet been any attempt to controvert Mr. Rhodes's assertion that "The publishing right was Edward Blount's, the printing right William Jaggard's"; and that, "accordingly, the 'head of the syndicate' which published the First Folio was not, as Professor Pollard and Sir Sydney Lee both claim, William Jaggard, but Edward Blount."

In the absence of any contemporary testimony as to his general reputation, the only defence that could be put up for Jaggard would be that the standard of commercial morality among the printer-publishers of his time was appallingly low, and that he may be safely reckoned the common denominator of his class. It is a mistake, of course, to view him or any Elizabethan with twentieth-century eyes, and, in dealing with any epoch, it is difficult to determine where sharp business practice ends and commercial dishonesty begins. Much depends on the contemporary point of view.

For the painstaking enthusiasm with which Professor Willoughby has rescued from oblivion all the available records of Jaggard's publications, from lavishly illustrated folios to the most trivial pamphlets and ballads, there is nothing but praise, and on matters of Elizabethan bibliography he is the safest of guides. It is only when he comes to deal with theatrical history that one finds gaps in his armour. As an instance of his weakness in this respect one may cite his statement that "Hunnis is best known as the Master of the Children of the Chapel whose acting drew many patrons away from the public theatres, a circumstance which aroused the wrath of Shakespeare." This conveys an utterly wrong impression, since Hunnis died in 1597 and consequently had nothing to do with the establishment of the second Blackfriars Theatre. Moreover, there is nothing to show that Shakespeare's reference to "the young eyases" in *Hamlet* was the outcome of wrath. As Burke once said, theatrical history is not a matter of State importance, but, if written at all, it should be written correctly.

W. J. Lawrence

A PUBLISHER'S RECORD

Author Hunting. By Grant Richards. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

Mr. Grant Richards, "Barfleur," having written a frank book about how he came to publish his authors, it only remains for his authors to write as frankly about Mr. Grant Richards. That, alas! is unlikely, but so brilliant a collaboration would be memorable. An American author, Theodore Dreiser, did indeed write a book of a million words on his European tour with "Barfleur"; but we are told, since no "confidence was sacred, no actual or imagined secret respected," *A Traveller at Forty* was cut and cut and cut again, and the pruned edition, even then, strangely failed to reach either the English reviewers or the public. Collectors should make a note of this. *A Traveller at Forty* is, nevertheless, excellent reading in its castrated state. It was, however, the late Frederick Chapman who persuaded John Lane to back Mr. Dreiser and publish *Jennie Gerhardt*, *The Titan*, etc., in English editions ten years or more after Mr. Heinemann had been told to publish *Sister Carrie* in "The Dollar Library" by his anonymous "reader." We may note that Mr. Grant Richards pays rather too excessive homage to the shade of the late William Heinemann who, like John Lane, tapped people's brains and had "flair," but was no judge of a book on its literary merits. The successful publisher, as a rule, is not the early bird who first finds the worm, but he who can keep it after others have dropped it. This seems indisputable after an examination of Mr. Grant Richards's extraordinary record. His skill in spotting and attracting promising authors was only equalled by his celerity in losing them. He must have had on his list in the pre-war period, 1897 to 1914, almost half of the writers of talent. He began with Grant Allen, Edward Clodd, Leonard Merrick and E. V. Lucas, who introduced him to Richard Whiteing and *No. 5 John Street*. He continued with William Rothenstein, Alice Meynell, G. K. Chesterton, Alfred Noyes and Le Gallienne. He heard of *The Shropshire Lad* in its first edition, wrote to the author, and was rewarded, later, by the second being entrusted to his hands, but for years the book sold very slowly. Thus, with the exception of two or three, all his early authors and others succeeding, such as M. P. Shiel, Sir Hugh Clifford, Haldane, Macfall, Laurence Housman, "locked up more money than I could afford," and the enterprising young publisher was in danger of being smothered by his literary successes. Ventures over R. Murray Gilchrist, George Fleming, Wilfred Whitten, George Egerton, etc., did little to redress the balance, and even Mr. Grant Richards's sleuth-hound pertinacity on the trail of G. B. S., which resulted in the publication of *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, only led to a sale of 750 copies, while "its rate of sale was entirely incommensurate with the amount of notice it attracted."

The chapters expounding G. B. S.'s relations with and advice to his "incompetent publisher" make very entertaining reading, and for bluff and *blague*, the letters in which the latter is taught his business, in printing, binding, proof correcting, pricing and the rendering of accounts, do indeed "show the Shavian machine at work." In spite of being made a chopping-block for the Irishman's wit and of being accused of having "an indiarubber mind," the publisher pays a tribute, surely unique in publishing annals, when he says, "I did not realise how much I owed in those years to G. B. S.'s criticism, his patience, and to his ability to keep me up to the mark. . . ." "Barfleur" was lucky in securing as his first "reader" E. V. Lucas, who brought MSS. of merit to him, among others Ernest Bramah's *The Wallet of Kai Lung*; but singularly little is told us about E. V. L.'s *The Open Road*, which surely proved a little gold mine.

Every publisher of distinction has his own method, and Mr. Richards seems to have been extraordinarily alert in neglecting no field, social or literary, in which to set his springes to catch his literary woodcocks. He had, obviously, great courage and a speculator's temperament. And he threw his nets wide. Thus, in four successive pages, he tells us how he came to publish *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*, Mr. Bairnsfather, Neville Cardus, and Filson Young, a fine mixed bag! As he says: "Once a publisher has any reputation at all, books or ideas for books will come to him from all quarters, from the most unexpected quarters." A chapter of anecdotic interest is devoted to Masefield, Galsworthy, Thomas Burke, Alec Waugh, the last two of whom Mr. Grant Richards "discovered." Out of modesty, perhaps, he says nothing about James Joyce and *Dubliners*, but whatever may be the reason for his silence, who can doubt that the book fell to the firm of Grant Richards, Ltd., by virtue of its founder's enterprise? Why, by the way, does he always allude to the Immortal Gosse as "poor Gosse"? There is secret history here as, indeed, there is in many other pages. But whatever "the old literary sportsman" discusses, he writes with a pleasant, worldly touch, and future literary chroniclers of the period will find much profit and entertainment in *Author Hunting*. In his last page, the ex-publisher pens some feeling remarks on "the herd instinct as applied to literary supply and demand." Certainly Mr. Grant Richards belongs to the dashing Young Guard of 1900, when the shock tactics of the New School and the megaphone of the Sunday press were undreamed of, and rising reviewers were not captured and attached to the chariot wheels of publishers.

There are aspects of author hunting left necessarily in the blackness of Mr. Grant Richards's dark lantern. But he has focused his eye-glass cleverly on both artists and literary figures, such as Charles Conder, William Orpen, Clement Shorter, George Steevens, Ronald Firbank and Alfred Harmsworth. If he owes debts to some authors, others generally will subscribe to Mr. Bernard Shaw's initial eulogy: You should call your book the "Tragedy of a Publisher Who Allowed Himself to Fall in Love with Literature." But surely G. B. S. meant Tragi-Comedy?

W.

LONDON STREETS

London in My Time. By Thomas Burke. *Rich and Cowan.* 6s.

For several years there was a fair on the empty corner of St. Giles's Circus. A rough palisade, not as tall as the buses that went by, divided it from the street. At first, it seemed unlikely that this pleasure-ground—hardly big enough for a fair—could survive more than a few weeks, while the lease was being transferred; but the months passed, there was no announcement or

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sign of dismantling, and the place acquired a semi-permanence. How often, in passing, I have been surprised by its brocade of shadows! Beyond the glare of the West End this corner was lit like a cheerful bonfire. On summer evenings, the voices, the music, the crack of rifles, the note of a horn blown repeatedly were irresistible. Crowds came and went. A dart transfixed a playing card, horses soared majestically over the field of heads. When it rained, the organ continued to play among the empty swings, uttering its melancholy and barbaric chant; occasionally a shout was echoed along the lane of booths; and as the water dripped, a man's head would rise out of a tent, and children, watching from the street, would press forward expectantly. It was a poor place as fairs go, but the only one of its kind I knew.

In memory, it illuminates, too, with a strange poignancy—like a puppet scene—the dinginess of so many makeshift corners: the East End marshes, the railway stations, the familiar scaffolded lots: those areas that form so large a part of our total impression of London.

I am reminded of an old haunt by Mr. Thomas Burke's little book of London memories. He has lived, I believe, forty years or so in London, and in this volume he gathers some personal recollections and surveys the changes of the last half-century. It is a modest, friendly address to the reader, assuming that he would take pleasure in the attitude, for example, of Gay's *Trivia: or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*; the real sights, he says, can only be seen by the traveller on foot. The crowds, the shops, street markets, a hundred forgotten squares and alleys, railway bridges, the backs of wharves, rare glimpses of the river and the canals—these provide him with the pictures and casual encounters which otherwise he would miss. And London, of course, is almost inexhaustible for the pedestrian who enjoys this sort of townscape.

Mr. Burke divides his impressions under a number of headings —"People," "Shops," "War," "Entertainment" and "Streets" —and discusses the alterations he has noticed in his own time. Mechanical traffic, arc lamps and concrete have, of course, brought about some obvious changes; there is perhaps less individuality in manners as well as dress; most of the old London "villages" have lost their distinctive charm; the cinema has displaced the music-hall, the loud-speaker the street-crier; and so on. Mr. Burke takes an unashamed pleasure in the backward glance, though he does not think by any means that the changes have been for the worse. He has a particular affection for London south of the Thames, and gives us a charming picture of old Clapham, where he was born:

> By my own observation, and vicariously, through the talk of parents and grandparents, I have a hundred years' memories of Clapham, and it seemed to me then that the Clapham of those old houses and gardens was outside the time-action which was tinging all the rest of that suburb. It was, I felt, my grandfather's Clapham, preserved behind the modern High Street by some alchemy of his, so that he could show it to me. To some extent it was, for amid all the bustle of a main-road suburb one was constantly meeting, as one can meet to-day, isolated patches of the hamlet atmosphere. Side by side with the tramcars you could then see "the squire of Clapham" (Mr. Thornton, I think) riding horse-back round the Old Town; and the cottage to which my grandfather took his bride was still in occupation and unaffected by the "electric railway" or any other progress. Within two minutes of the High Street was a farmyard (Denny's) from which children, as though in the heart of the country, fetched milk in the afternoons; and off the streets of little villas one could find an occasional hedgerowed lane leading to another street of little villas.

He goes on to say that "some of the names of Clapham families of my day are to be found in a directory for the *Environs of London* of 1780." That sort of continuity with the past is disappearing. On the whole, though, he concludes, London is brighter and cleaner than it was—and in most ways unchanged.

London, in fact, more than any other city, is what you make it. Many writers, under the guise of describing its streets, have given us fragments of some inner vision—and yet it has seemed to fit. De Quincey and James Thomson, for example, seem to have discovered the natural surroundings for their melancholy; and, though we may no longer recognise the Oxford Street of the *Opium Eater*, Thomson's Embankment, with its greenish lights and shadowy figures along the benches, remains exactly as it was. Rimbaud—or was it Verlaine?—came to Londonin a fit of despair, and *plunged* himself into its streets. The temptation, then, even for the humbler class of writer who sets out to record what he sees, is to build up a London of his own. Mr. Burke trails off at times, with an exaggerated fervour, in search of some "spirit" of the town, of the "real London," which, of course, everyone else has hitherto missed. And he finds it in a lamp-post or a cat sniffing round a dustbin.

There is, however, in his present volume, less of this "spirit" of London—and his writing is very much better without it. He obviously prefers the streets south of the Thames to those north of it; partly because he was born there, and partly perhaps because the squat buildings give one a sense of space which is rare in the central and northern districts. But there are few parts which he does not know and recall with pleasure. *London in My Time* gives on the whole a more accurate picture of London in its various aspects than M. Morand's *Londres*, which appeared recently under an English title. Those fogs, delightful as they were, and brown as an old master, belonged to a London of fifty years ago. Mr. Burke, though he lacks Morand's brilliant descriptive gift, is more homely and more truthful. G. W. Stonier

THE STORY OF GARDENING

The Story of Gardening. By Richardson Wright. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

First impressions of *The Story of Gardening* are a little intimidating: a five-hundred page volume, shiny paper, text-cuts, a summary of garden art and tendencies since the year dot, and the whole weighing as heavily in the hand as a lump of Midland clay. It seems very nearly in the school "nature-book" class. It is in fact much better than this. As for weight, *The Story of Gardening* weighs far less, for instance, than Marie Louise Gothein's very teutonic, very sumptuous *A History of Garden Art*. It is also far less expensive. It is certainly not so exhaustive, but it is probably exhaustive enough for the man who is generally concerned more with what onions to sow next spring than with the gardens of Byzantium. And the writing itself is surprisingly light, almost friendly. It deviates at times, perhaps necessarily, into the encyclopædic manner, and Mr. Richardson Wright has here and there exercised that peculiarly fruity style ("rugged fellows and petulant queens and the shadowy ghosts of gods and goddesses and of shy spirits") which gardening writers very often seem to regard as their special privilege. Otherwise he gives an undogmatic and straightforward history of civilised gardening from the earliest Asiastic gardens down to the great ages of English gardening and the present era of ladies' garden clubs in America. The great ages of gardening are all covered: the gardens of China and Japan; the formal water gardens of India and Persia; early Greek and Roman statuary gardens; Italian and French and Spanish formal and terraced gardens; the tulip gardens of the Dutch; and finally some excellent chapters on American garden history. The English section covers from the sixteenth century down to the influence of Gertrude Jekyll, from the knot gardens of Bacon's time (as good designs in taste, he snorted) down to that curious piece of English hypocrisy the local flower show, at which the prizes continue to be won largely by gentlemen who have never raised a plant or sown a seed.

H. E. Bates

ANTHOLOGIES

The Minor Pleasures of Life. Selected and arranged by Rose Macaulay. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Major Pleasures of Life. Selected and arranged by Martin Armstrong. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Pattern of Courtesy: An Anthology. Made and edited by Gerald Bullett. *Dent.* 5*s.*

A Pageant of England's Life Presented by Her Poets: with a running commentary by John Drinkwater. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Book of American Poetry. Selected by Edwin Markham. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The hold-all type of anthology is rapidly becoming an exhausted seam: "elegant extracts" pour from the press as usual, but they mostly depend on some unity of content, on a point of view. Four out of the five on my list are of this second type. And, of course, the point of view is at least a quarter of the battle. The two Gollancz anthologies seem to me happily conceived, though not without a few obvious drawbacks. In the first place, they overlap. It might be argued that *all* the major pleasures of life are also minor; at any rate, several extracts have got into both books, including, oddly enough, a poem of Herrick's on a *bad*

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dos Passos looks around

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supper. And that indicates another snag. It is surely irrelevant to print extracts on art or music, unless they are on the *pleasure* of art or music—but Mr. Armstrong does not seem to have thought of that. One can scarcely regret his inclusion of Mrs. Woolf's "Dinner at Fernham" (from *A Room of One's Own*), but it seems odd to rank it with the "major pleasures of life." And then, the minor pleasures are far too numerous; any attempt to classify them becomes farcical. Miss Macaulay has swooped down upon this difficulty, and made it an excuse to follow her whim, without reserve, to put in anything, switching us breathlessly from one topic to the next. She has even a section (of one extract) on Tapestry Animals. At first, one is inclined to resent that kind of thing; give yourself up to it, and the anthology is delightful.

The choice of Miss Macaulay for this subject was, in fact, an inspiration. It seems made for her; and she produces a constant effect of wit, irony and criticism without saying a word, merely by the skill of her mosaic, the stamp of her personality in each selection. Then, her extracts have as a rule the charm of comparative novelty: with no absolute shrinking from the better-known, she justly prefers something more recondite. John Aubrey is her most favoured source: perhaps Dr. Johnson should be bracketed with him, for she draws largely on Mrs. Thrale as well as on Boswell. (But what a pity to leave out the famous "Knitting of stockings is a good amusement")! After these two come Burton, Pepys, Evelyn, Horace Walpole, and Isaac Disraeli. There are a number of extracts from Pliny the Elder (Philemon Holland's translation), from Fontenelle's *Pluralité des Mondes* (Glanvill's translation), and from Cicero *De Senectute*, in the translation of Samuel Parker (1704). Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith is a favourite modern—more than rightly as far as subject goes, but his own irony and awareness rather clash with the anthologist's, and do not quite fit into the general system, which is that the authors shall be wax in Miss Macaulay's hands. Still—might she not have put in "The Starry Heaven," if only as a pendant to Fontenelle? And in her section on Reading, how could she bear to leave out "Consolation," which is the last word? But these are vain suggestions; Miss Macaulay herself grieves over lack of space. One of the neatest sections is on Deploring the Decadence of the Age—a complete little gallery, and a good example of the method. (Herrick's bad supper might have been worked in under Grumbling at the Food, a minor pleasure she has unaccountably forgotten; and then she could have had "Dinner at Fernham" as well.) Laughs are continually sprung on us, such as this under Malice:

> Poor Fielding! I could not help telling his sister that I was equally surprised at and concerned for his continued lowness.

(Richardson, of course): under Patriotism:

> And I will report of all heroism from an American point of view.—Walt Whitman.

and (from an "address to troops before battle by a Portuguese General")—

> Gentlemen, remember that you are Portuguese.

In short (since it is impossible to say everything) do buy this book.

Mr. Armstrong's companion volume is rather stodgy; not absolutely dull in itself—there are good things in it—but a terrible waste of opportunities. It is not well planned. Intellectual and religious pleasures have been huddled together under Contemplation: then there are three sections curiously entitled *Art and Artists*, *Books and Writers*, *Music and Musicians*. *Art* is a major pleasure no doubt . . . but *artists?* Architecture, on the other hand, stands alone; I suppose architects are *not* a major pleasure, for some reason. However, art is not really dealt with as a pleasure, but much more as a pursuit; there are many remarks by painters and writers on their profession, or on other painters and writers, but *enjoyment* is left to take a second place. How can one illustrate art or letters as a major pleasure without quoting Hazlitt—the Wordsworth, the high priest of this part of life? Wordsworth himself, indeed, fares little better; under *Nature and the Simple Life* there are two quotations from him, of which one is *Daffodils!* Here is a sample extract from the Music section.

> The nightingale does not sing well.—Jean Cocteau.

Miss Macaulay might have used that for a section (if she had one) on Superiority. "Love" I pass over; it is too pedestrian. But even on "Food and Drink" Mr. Armstrong seems to me on the wrong track. Epicurism should no doubt be represented; but it is *simple* food that appeals to the imagination—at least in print. We do not want to be deluged with Brillat-Savarin. And—does Mr. Armstrong not realise that on the subject of alcohol, Dr. Johnson was a bore? Perhaps I have a jaundiced view of this book; as I said, there are good things in it. But oh, how infinitely better it *should* have been!

Mr. Gerald Bullett's *Pattern of Courtesy* is a little book on the lines of *The Spirit of Man*, but without its tact and exquisite "indirection." *The Spirit of Man* wafted us to the heights; Mr. Bullett rather attempts to goad us up them. His determined spirituality has an effect of priggishness; and his taste is very uncertain, as the title proves.

Mr. Drinkwater's attempt to present through the poets a "characteristic epitome" of England's life should, I feel, have been more carefully thought out beforehand—though clearly he thinks that he thought it out. His one *apparent* condition is that "reports" should be "first-hand." Public events are not essential—Prior's birthday or Crashaw's green apricots will do; yet public events seem to have a preference. So, in fact, the book falls between two stools; England's life, in the broad sense, is hardly depicted at all, and England's history only in the scrappiest manner. Moreover, it is too elementary for adult reading; but it might be used in schools.

The Book of American Poetry is a holdall. Into this large volume of exceedingly small print the Editor has endeavoured to cram at least one poem by every poet who ever attained any kind of eminence. His own complete faith in them all is so childish and touching that it seems brutally superior to throw cold water; yet it must be admitted that the few good poems are almost lost, and the resulting impression of American poetry is deplorable. We seem to be breathing the atmosphere of a provincial literary society, but on what a scale! a vast continent of poetasters, and all praising each other! It is well to remember that most English minor poetry of the period is just as bad, but surely, at any rate, there is less of it. Even the best poets in this volume cut a poor figure, for they are not well represented: and the others!

> Pity the Unicorn,
> Pity the Hippogriff,
> Souls that were never born
> Out of the land of If!

Pity the versifier who is so hard up for a subject. K. John

ANCIENT LITERARY THEORY

Literary Criticism in Antiquity. By J. W. H. Atkins. Two Volumes. *Cambridge University Press.* 25*s.*

In these learned and able volumes Professor Atkins, like those gentry who are knighted on New Year's Day, has done a public service. Very few of us have either the time or the ability to read more than two or three of the ancient critical treatises; and a work which gives us, in a clear and impartial manner, an account of the contributions to criticism made by the others, is likely to be eminently useful. This book is remarkably full and comprehensive. It would be hard to point out a single omission. Some time since Mr. J. F. D. Allen dealt very ably with Roman criticism; but Professor Atkins begins at the beginning with early Greece, and traces the development from Athens to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Rome. He starts, in fact, with Tisias and Pindar, and ends with Dion Chrysostom and Lucian. He rightly refuses to speak of Rome apart from Greece, for Roman criticism, though to some extent taking an independent course, began with the *exemplaria Graeca*, and never lost sight of them.

The impression left by Professor Atkins's work, on at least one reader, goes to confirm a previously formed opinion, that criticism is a terribly difficult thing, and that, with few exceptions, the ancients, in spite of heroic efforts, made little progress in it. Even Aristotle's *Poetics* hardly hits the soul of things, and confines itself in the main to externals. Four-fifths of the classical books deal with small rhetorical points, with "figures of speech," the avoidance of hiatus and other harshness, the kind of words that ought to be used, or matters which have nothing to do with literary merit at all. We know, for example, that Virgil was both attacked and defended. The attacks were, to our mind, ludicrously irrelevant. He was told that he had got his dates wrong; that the voyage of Aeneas was somewhat erratic; that he used strange words and made familiar words seem strange. But the defence was little better. In Horace's reply to the detractors there is not one word on the real merits of Virgil, nothing about his "pathetic half-lines" or his "Lacrimae rerum"; nothing about the agony of Dido or the short-lived glory of Camilla. All is insignificant.

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Something, probably, is due to the absence of an adequate vocabulary. It is hard to believe that Horace did not feel the glamour of Virgil, or that he really thought the main merit of the *Aeneid* lay in its close imitation of the method of Homer. But even the Greeks had not the polyglot resources which are at the disposal of the most ordinary modern writers; and Latin, in this sphere, had the most beggarly provision. Something, also, may be due to the Roman dislike of showing feeling—a characteristic in which they were somewhat similar to the English. But unquestionably, in general, they lacked true insight; and the result was that their criticism is mainly a repetition of a series of mechanical rules, and the mass of their poetry—which fortunately has perished—consisted of epics mechanically constructed according to the code, with "figures" mathematically distributed and similes at the proper intervals. It was this sort of thing that roused the wrath of Juvenal in the first century, and in the nineteenth provoked William Morris to "damn the classics."

There is, perhaps, but one ancient critic whom moderns can read with unstinted admiration. Cicero and Quintilian, it is true, writing on the art of oratory, which they thoroughly understood, have given us wise and often delightful works, distinguished by sound common sense. But it is not till we reach Longinus that we find a feeling for realities—or, at least, such a feeling clearly avowed and fittingly expressed. It is he who tells us that "great utterance is the echo of greatness of soul"—an anticipation of Milton's saying that he who would be a poet must himself be a poem: he is the first Greek to recognise Hebrew sublimity; and it is he who lays it down that while correctness is a human virtue, grandeur alone can give a writer something of the magnanimity of God.

Every one of Professor Atkins's chapters is illuminating; and not less so are his less elaborate notes on men whom we may call incidental critics, such as Persius, Martial, and Juvenal. But it is in Longinus that he finds his most congenial theme; and the section on "the sublime," apart from a certain number of needless repetitions, I might venture to call nearly perfect.

E. E. Kellett

THE GREEN FIELD

At the Sign of the Wheatsheaf. By S. L. Bensusan. With an Introduction by Lord Ernle, P.C., and illustrations by M. Simone. *Unicorn Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Endless Furrow. By A. G. Street. *Faber and Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Townspeople, especially the metropolitans, are very superstitious and credulous. In their press and in their conversation they keep up the fiction that the countryman is simple and slow-witted. Mr. Bensusan's album of portraits should help to dispel this fantastic idea. The portraits are like those photographs taken in the 'nineties, before "artistic" effects blurred the edges of features and veiled the personal characteristics.

Mr. Bensusan divides his gallery into twelve sections, named after the months of the year. Each contains from half a dozen to a dozen studies, sketches and short stories (it is difficult to define them), all well-crusted with the vernacular of Essex. We gradually become introduced to a village community in the neighbourhood of a town called Market Waldron, which sounds to me very like Saffron Walden, especially as its convivial centre is "the Rose and Crown."

First we meet Mr. Woodpecker, who, as the result of astute assistance to his employer in the matter of disposing of a certain "bunch o' bullicks," is spending five-bob and a day's holiday at the crossroads near the "Wheatsheaf." By means of his conversation with his aged relative, Mr. Nitt, we are at once plunged into the native philosophy.

And a very devious, deep-rooted, safe, long-drawing, well-absorbing philosophy it is. If we try to give it a technical definition we might say that it is a sort of dung-flavoured pragmatism, rooted not in reason, but in the five senses, together with three or four auxiliary senses usually atrophied in town-born people. The terms of this philosophy gain in pungency because they are not terms at all. They are rather tentacles, or attenuations; and instead of stating and clarifying, they limit themselves to one activity, that of *clinging*.

Upon this vegetable creed, however, the usual amenities of human nature are discovered, like blossoms, but not until the plant is assured of its own well-being. According to Mr. Bensusan, man, woman and child all function in this way; demurely, dumbly, but veraciously accommodating themselves to the forces of nature in order to wheedle an un-luxurious living from the soil, and from God's creatures that move upon it. Nor is too much emphasis laid upon the fact that the creatures are God's creatures.

Mr. Bensusan is not blind, however, to the fact that this bucolic community contrives to exercise this philosophy with dignity and good nature, especially between one member and another. If anybody in particular is regarded as suitable material for these groping, sensuous tentacles, it is the newcomer, the "furriner," who may come from a neighbouring town or from London. The "furriner" is watched carefully, and is spoken to with a deference that is both mealy and independent. It is assumed—or perhaps it is not even assumed—that he or she is the natural subject for this process of clinging or sucking. And it is done so effortlessly, and with such a minimum of consciousness, that the stranger dwells in the midst, bled and being bled, but still comparatively unsuspicious; or if suspicious, feeling a resentfulness that is half gratitude.

So too, with the reader who meets these rustics through the pages of Mr. Bensusan's book. Curiosity and liking grow, and one begins to enjoy the spectacle of fleecing, scrounging, and the many other tortuous methods of making a living. Admiration and not indignation becomes the reader's dominant mood, so that when he is suddenly confronted by the author—that cunning realist—with examples of nobility and sweetness no surprise is felt, no sense of incongruity.

As well as enjoying the activities of these people, who become acquaintances and friends, the reader also grows familiar with their dialect. Mr. Bensusan presents it with detailed accuracy. There it stands, the main stem of our English speech, mossy and gnarled, with tortuous tenses and declensions, its stringy roots defying even the chromium-plated tools of the B.B.C. It will be a long time, I hope, before Radio-culture eradicates those slow, furry vowels, those elisions, those picturesque usages of the subjunctive for the past tense. Mr. Woodpecker, Mrs. Nitt, Sim Pottle, Martha Ram, obstinate, cunning, unhygienic, may they all, when describing last night's broadcast talk, say that the speaker "should ha' spoken 'most forty minutes." For there is no preterite, no finality to those people; everything is in the subjunctive mood and waits upon the chances of nature.

Mr. A. G. Street's interpretation of the country life is also shrewd, realistic and humorous, especially when he is dealing with concrete matters such as the technique of farming, shop-keeping, and the thousand and one activities involved therein. He is perhaps a little too genial in his character study, picturing his people with a good-nature that makes them almost monotonous. He should be more apprehensive, nervous, and intolerant. These negative qualities would not only give quicker life to his characters, they would also sharpen his style, which at present is marred by exuberances. For example, his hero, James Horton, who has risen from grocer's apprentice to become a yeoman farming five hundred acres, has outraged local opinion by voting Liberal. It is anticipated that the Earl, his landlord, will turn him out of the farm and so ruin his hitherto unchecked ambitions. But the Earl recognises a brave man, and invites Horton to a shoot. The occasion is therefore critical, and shows that Mr. Street is a good novelist with a gift for building up towards a naturally dramatic scene. It is therefore a shock to our ear when we are told that Horton "filled his cartridge bag to overflowing almost." The meaningless phrase is characteristic of Mr. Street's literary manners; just a little too easy and over-sanguine. Success, unfortunately, is not likely to cure this weakness, and I would suggest that Mr. Street could study profitably the texture of H. E. Bates's work, especially *The Fallow Land*, a novel comparable in theme to *The Endless Furrow*. Mr. Bates, that true artist, mixes his ingredients with skill; but Mr. Street stirs his plot less ruthlessly, and almost by an afterthought he throws in a pinch of salt at the end. But even so, the dish he offers one is substantial and no barmecide feast.

Richard Church

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Mr. Agate belongs, and in which he is a master, is firmly rooted in the theatre and its traditions; is aware of the play, the players and the playgoers, and of their relations to each other; and is not quite blind to that sure, if often sad, criterion, the box-office. In this collection Mr. Agate has delivered judgment on many productions, and, although no one is likely to agree with all that he says, no candid reader who has seen the plays he criticises will deny he always makes a case, if not a conclusive case, for the opinion he expresses. If there were a school for dramatic critics one might commend to it as a model of what a critique should be the notice of *Cavalcade*, in which Mr. Agate covers the whole of its province triumphantly. Another success in which Mr. Agate and the public saw eye to eye was *Richard of Bordeaux*, and yet another *Musical Chairs*. In another instance, Mr. Maugham's *For Services Rendered*, Mr. Agate concludes a particularly acute piece of criticism with the half-expressed hope that the public would not see the faults he saw. But the public did.

Selected List of Autumn Books

The selection of books to be published this season may, I think, be prefaced without relevance by a consideration of an extremely interesting book, *A Publisher Speaking*, by Geoffrey Faber (*Faber and Faber*, 3*s*. 6*d*.) which deals with some of the difficulties facing the book trade to-day and proposes some very drastic remedies for them. Mr. Faber, as his list testifies, has a deep love of books and he has always shown himself alive to what is new and most vital in modern literature. He is fully aware of the seriousness of the business both of the publisher and the bookseller. "Of all trades ours can be least excused of the consequences of its actions, because the article in which we deal is undeniably by far the most important article of commerce in the world." He declares and he inveighs against the contemptuous ignorant bookseller who believes himself to be a good business man and whose attitude is summed up in the words: "Books are books and what do their contents matter?" He quotes as a contrast the delightfully earnest passage from a letter of Daniel Macmillan's written in 1840, when he was a bookseller's assistant at a salary of £80 a year to James Maclehose, who had recently established himself as a bookseller in Glasgow.

> Bless your heart, Maclehose, you never surely thought you were merely working for bread! Don't you know that you are cultivating good taste among the natives of Glasgow; helping to unfold a love of the beautiful among those who are slaves to the useful, or what they call the useful? I look on you as a great teacher or prophet, doing work just of the kind that God has appointed you to do. No, no, Mac! That won't do. We booksellers, if we are faithful to our task, are trying to destroy and are helping to destroy, all kinds of confusion, and are aiding our great Taskmaster to reduce the world into order and beauty and harmony.

Mr. Macmillan certainly took his calling more seriously than I did myself, and I cannot imagine Francis Birrell addressing me in such terms when we opened a bookshop in partnership. Yet the booksellers' and the publishers' duties to the community are greater to-day than they have ever been before, since nowadays there is no illiterate section of the population and all are in reach of books. Their difficulties are, however, overwhelmingly greater than they were, and the greatest of problems arises from the vast number of books published, roughly ten thousand a year, a figure that Mr. Faber regards as "ominous evidence of collective insanity." No doubt it is; yet it is a state of affairs for which it is difficult to find a remedy which will not bring worse evils in its train. Mr. Faber proposes an elaborate system of birth-control for the book trade, and he has worked out a proposal that the publishers' Association should deal out annual quotas to the publishers of England allowing each one to bring out a limited number of every class of book in which he may be interested. This plan would be combined with various stringent examinations and limitations on would-be publishers. For the present he would refuse to allow any one to set up for himself in the business at all. He suggests, in fact, that the publishers of England should adopt Trade Union tactics to make themselves into something like a mediaeval guild, and he asks whether such regulations would not be in the interest of the publishers, the booksellers and the community. If you should happen to be one, you may notice that he has left out the interest of authors. Yet they are the parents of books—publishers are only midwives and trained nurses. I do not believe that such a system of birth-control would be to the interest either of authors, or, what is more important, in the interests of literature. Many writers, famous to-day, only managed to get themselves published by some strange accident, against the better judgment of some publisher. It is very important for the health of the community and for literature that eccentric and unpopular and disturbingly unpleasant ideas should be published. The minority should be represented even if it is only a minority of one. Everyone should be free to write a book, to publish it at his own expense, and to hawk it about and try to get booksellers to stock it, or to sell it from door to door as W. H. Davies sold his first book of poems.

In his last essay, Mr. Faber brings overpowering arguments against any form of literary censorship. It appears to me that these are almost equally destructive of his proposal to close the publishing trade to amateurs and to prune the present jungle into a tidy garden. I feel sure that any such system would strangle our literature just as I feel sure that, in spite of my best efforts, one or two really important and valuable books have been left out of this list which will, however, prove a fair guide to the better books being published this autumn. If all publishers had Mr. Faber's high sense of duty and love of literature, and if all booksellers had some of Macmillan's earnestness, the Faber proposals would be unnecessary, and so would this list. Meanwhile, we must face the flood resolutely and do our best.

David Garnett

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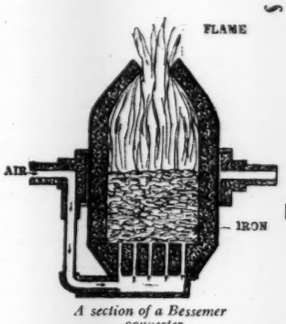

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Constance Markievicz. By SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

An aristocratic Irish girl, as delicate in her beauty as she is inflexible in her courage, deserts the hunting which she adores, driven by the love of art to study painting in Paris. There she marries a fellow-artist, a Polish nobleman, and returns with him to Dublin, where she bears him a daughter and they become prominent in the artistic and fashionable life of the city. In 1908, at the age of forty, overwhelmed by the sorrows of her oppressed countrymen, she becomes a Sinn Feiner, and devotes the rest of her life entirely to the cause of the Irish Republic, sacrificing everything else, her husband and her child, her friends and her art, her money and her beauty and her freedom. She shoots and is shot at, she is sentenced to death, she is imprisoned six times, and when not in prison she is hiding from the police. Exhausted by her sufferings in 1927 she dies, in a common ward, surrounded by the Irish poor for whose freedom she is a martyr. This is the heroic legend of Constance Gore-Booth, Countess Markievicz.

Mr. O'Faoláin has sought to discover the woman behind the legend, giving his book the ironical title, *Constance Markievicz or The Average Revolutionary*. But how can a revolutionary be "average," when one considers the different and often mixed motives which produce revolutionaries—compassion, disgruntlement, indignation at injustice, ambition, the desire to be a cog in an active machine? Mr. O'Faoláin's book is the verdict of a modern realistic revolutionary on an old-fashioned romantic revolutionary. And, consequently, though he gives full weight to the Countess's generosity, courage and devotion, his judgment sometimes has the cruelty entailed by truth. There are few figures of such a stature as to stand a full light without appearing comic, and the Countess certainly was not one of them.

The obverse of the legend shows a girl from the Protestant Pale, restless and unconventional, going to parties with a pet snake as a head-dress. She studies painting because she seeks freedom, not because she has talent. She marries a handsome fellow-Bohemian, six years younger than herself; they are poor, probably he was never in love with her, and she is soon out of love with him. "A woman of great kindness, but no natural affection," she sends her child to live with her mother. Her painting is a mere hobby. Needing, therefore, a new object for romantic love, and living in Ireland, inevitably she will turn either to religion or politics, and she is not naturally religious. Griffith's Sinn Fein is the most extreme movement in Ireland, and she has "a childish love for the limelight." So she becomes a revolutionary nationalist. It is no reflection on her sincerity to add that other Anglo-Saxons have found emotional satisfaction in an adopted patriotism to small—and, for preference, oppressed—nationalities.

When Larkin appeared, a magnetic figure beside whom Griffith seemed bourgeois, she joined him. Next came Conolly, and he had an army; so she had a uniform and was photographed in it with a pistol in her hand. What is more, she used it, in the Easter Rising, and of course was full of righteous indignation when the English met force with force. (Lord knows that Sir John Maxwell and, later, the Black and Tans might make anyone indignant, but it is characteristic of the revolutionary and the nationalist to be shocked when their enemies defend themselves.) But it was grand fun to be "on the run"—you disguised yourself as an old woman and asked the policemen to help you across the road. In amateur theatricals the Countess had been a failure; she now had a part which satisfied all her histrionic aspirations. "The work she did always had to be of a dramatic or even a glamorous kind." When the Treaty is made, she is naturally among the intransigent. She detests and has abjured the English race to which she belongs, and now it is the Irish who imprison her, the Irish whose language she had unsuccessfully struggled to learn, the Irish whose religion she had adopted because it was theirs. And when she dies, there are soldiers, Irish soldiers, at her burial to prevent a volley being fired over her grave.

She rode straight, she shot straight, but she could not think straight. It is doubtful if she ever grasped the doctrines either of Conolly or of the Church, and she combined her Catholicism with a passionate enthusiasm for Lenin. The opposing currents of nationalism and Socialism could not run together even in Ireland for long, and in the Countess nationalism was stronger than Socialism—she had come to hate the English even more than she loved the poor. She is indeed a symbol of the tragedy of Ireland, where the past is more potent than the future, where men prefer to squabble about oaths and forms, instead of combining to deal with the realities of poverty and ignorance.

Mr. O'Faoláin writes admirably, and his book is packed with brilliant descriptions of the background to the Countess's activities. His book will offend those who like their saints all white, their villains all black. But it will fascinate those who prefer history to legend, and who believe that it is good and indeed necessary to recognise that a woman can at the same time be a heroine and a fool.

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A LIFE OF CHOPIN

Chopin: His Life. By WILLIAM MURDOCH. *Murray.* 16s.

During Chopin's lifetime he was often referred to as a composer of chamber music; also as a pianist he was considered at his best in a large room or a small hall; in fact, Berlioz went so far as to say that in order to appreciate Chopin's genius as a pianist fully one ought to be quite near to him when he was playing owing to his extraordinary subtlety. Yet he was a virtuoso and not merely a salon pianist, and his music, as every amateur knows, is full of storm and passion as well as of delicate sentiment.

This dualism is also a marked feature of the man's character, as Mr. Murdoch makes clear in his new *Life* of Chopin, in which he has made use of much material that has only become available since the well-known *Life of Chopin* by Frederick Niecks was written. The most important part of this new material is the collection of letters edited by Dr. Opienski, and the research by M. Edouard Ganche, which resulted in the discovery that Chopin's father, Nicolas Chopin, was of purely French origin and that he was born at Marainville (Vosges), where his father was a wheelwright. Mr. Murdoch gives the date of Nicolas's birth as April 17th, 1770, on page 4, and as April 15th, 1771, on page 5. This may be mentioned because, in spite of Mr. Murdoch's thoroughness and admirable clarity of style, a certain carelessness shows itself in a matter like this and in the way he is inclined to repeat himself. Otherwise Mr. Murdoch's biography is highly to be commended for its straightforwardness, fairness and general sanity. It is such a relief in these days of over-writing—especially in biography where affectations of style and a certain pseudo-epigrammatic exhibitionism at the unfortunate subject's expense are all the vogue—to read a biography that is simply and directly written, in which the author is at pains not to display his own moral and intellectual superiority, but to give all the facts about his subject as accurately as possible.

Mr. Murdoch gives a pretty full account—as full as we are ever likely to get, seeing that their correspondence is destroyed—of Chopin's relationship with George Sand. Although his sympathy is with Chopin he is fair to the woman who, however, in this case was undoubtedly the less faithful and devoted lover. It is one of the unexpected traits in Chopin that he was never superficial in his attachments. His affection was not given to many people, but he was constant, loyal and patient to a rare degree with the few he loved.

Another quality that many admirers of his music may be surprised to discover is that he was a man of the world with not only great discernment but unusually sound and well-balanced judgment. Also he had a great sense of humour, which we may see from his letters, and was a remarkable mimic. Mr. Murdoch declares that he had a lifelong aversion for the English, but I think this was merely due to his sufferings on his visit to England in 1848, the year before he died. It is true that on his return to France he remarked to his companion in the train to Paris: "Do you see the cattle in this meadow? They have more intelligence than the English." But intelligence is not the only or even the most attractive human quality. The fact is that taken to Scotland by his friend Miss Jane Stirling, who was in love with him and wanted to marry him, Chopin met many of the most boring and stupid as well as some of the kindest-hearted and most considerate of the English in the houses in which he stayed. But they certainly were not very intelligent, even if we do not apply the rather high standard of Chopin's society in Paris. As he wrote to his friend Grzymala from Johnstone Castle:

> Here it is nothing but cousins of great families and great names that no one on the Continent has ever heard of. Conversation is always entirely genealogical, like the Gospels; who begat whom, and he begat, and he begat, and he begat, and so on for two pages till you come to Jesus.

And this intellectual backwardness was accompanied by a musical backwardness also. For example, Chopin had to refuse

to play for the Royal Philharmonic Society because they would only give him one rehearsal; also he found English society meaner in money matters than the French. When we take these things into consideration, together with our climate behaving at its worst, we can quite understand how Chopin was overcome with ecstasy at the sight of Boulogne.

W. J. TURNER

"A GERMAN POET"

Poet in Exile: The Life of Heinrich Heine. By ANTONINA VALLENTIN. Translated by HARRISON BROWN. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6*d*.

This admirable Life of the greatest but one of all German poets should be read by English lovers of literature, many of whom have long been misled by Matthew Arnold's strange mistake in his poem on Heine. He says that Heine must have been "that bard unnamed, who, as Goethe said, had every other gift, but wanted love." The mistake is characteristic of the irony which attended Heine throughout his life—an irony so like his own. For that bard was not Heine, but his bitterest enemy, Count von Platen, a mere aristocrat and languid amateur. Heine was always on the look-out for enemies, and he answered them with overwhelming wit and scorn, but against none did he use such savage weapons as against Platen, with whom, on the strength of Goethe's saying, he was identified even in Germany for fifty years.

Again, he was born in Germany at a time when the Rhineland was occupied by the French, for whom, and especially for Napoleon, he conceived an adoration which made him despise his native country. When he was about twenty he wrote to a friend:

> Everything that is German disgusts me, and you, alas, are German. All that is German has the effect of nux vomica upon me. The German language itself offends my ears. My own poems repel me when I remember that they are written in German. I dislike writing even these lines, for the German characters irritate my nerves.

So he went on, threatening to go to Arabia and lead a pastoral life among camels that were not students. Yet this was the man who, after years in Paris, could write:

> Once I had a beautiful native land;
> The oaks grew there so high,
> Violets softly nodded;
> It was a dream.
> It kissed me in German, and in German
> (You cannot believe how sweet it sounded)
> It spoke the words, "*Ich liebe dich.*"
> It was a dream.

And he asked that his gravestone should be inscribed only with the words "A German Poet."

Yet again, he was born a Jew, and when he was about eighteen, just after Waterloo at the end of the long war which brought great misery, an outbreak against the Jews arose in Germany, hardly surpassed in brutality by the present outbreak there. Contempt and persecution only increased his racial sense of inferiority, and drove him to a sort of obstinate pride in behaving as though all that his enemies said about him was true. It was a trait that plagued him throughout life. As his friend Johann Baptist said of him: "He seems ashamed of his good-nature, while his tendency to show himself in the worst possible light amounts to a vice." Worse than all, the unendurable persecution and shamefaced or braggart sense of inferiority drove him to the most painful error of his life, except only one. It drove him to conversion. "I have not the strength to hear myself called 'Dirty Jew,'" he groaned. In 1825, he was baptised near Göttingen, and from the shame of that cowardly lapse he never fully recovered. In this Life we read:

> It was not a question of the Jew Heine revolting against his new faith, for he had long been without religion; it was the man in him rebelling against the concession to his personal interests which had brought him there, and suffering, too, at having deserted the community to which he belonged.

Yet, when his body was sunk in the "mattress grave," he returned to a kind of Deism almost Hebraic. The year before he died he wrote in a letter, "My forefathers belonged to the Jewish religion. I was never proud of this origin, but certainly I have never gloried in being a Lutheran." Or again:

> In my grievous sickness it is a real mercy that there is someone left in heaven to whom, without ceasing, I can mutter the litany of my woes; especially after midnight, when Mathilde has gone to her much-needed rest. Praise God! at such times I am not alone, but I can pray and entreat as much as I like without feeling abashed.

"As to my health," he wrote, "I spend much time in prayer, and that's always a bad sign." "Calm yourself," said the dying hero to an over-zealous friend; "God will pardon me, that's His trade." As a model of his lyric irony one may take the twenty-fourth poem in his *Book of Lazarus*:

> O God, shorten my torment,
> So that I may be buried soon:
> Thou knowest that I have no talent
> For martyrdom.
>
> Thou must permit me, O Lord,
> To marvel at Thy inconsistency:
> Thou didst create the cheerfullest of poets,
> And now Thou robbest him of his good spirits.
>
> Pain dulls the cheery mind,
> And makes me melancholy;
> If the pitiful farce does not end,
> I shall become a Catholic at last.
>
> Then I shall raise my howl to Thy ears
> Like other good Christians all—
> O miserere! the best of humorists
> Is lost, is lost.

Even a more disastrous error than his "conversion" was his indiscriminate sexuality. Over-sexed by nature, he ruined his health in the brothels of his universities, and with the beautiful, affectionate and uneducated girl whom he bought and married. He liked to attribute his years of terrible disease to disputes about money with his rich uncle and his cousins in Hamburg, but the real cause was unresisted temptation at large or in his own home, and all the symptoms betray a definite infection and its disastrous consequences. His passion for women was inexhaustible, until at the end he lay a paralysed anatomy of pain. Karl Hillebrand, who saw him just at the beginning of the final stage (in 1849) wrote:

> Heine was then already chained to his bed. His hearing had suffered. His eyes were always shut, except when with great effort

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his wasted finger lifted a weary eyelid. His legs were crippled and powerless. . . . His pain was so terrible that he had to take morphia in three forms in order to get any rest at all, and then it was four hours' sleep at the most.

Proofs of the persistent heroism of his mind are seen in the record of his many brilliant sayings as thus he lay. But Théophile Gautier gives the finest picture :

> The poet was nailed down alive in his coffin, but if you bent your ear over him you heard the poetry singing, singing under the sable pall.

This was the man whose *Book of Songs* entranced Germany ten years before the death of Goethe, and whose verses are still sung to exquisite music all round the world. Their penetrating simplicity was new to his countrymen, and his irony saved the words from the sentimentality that enfeebles most German lyrics. As a poet of lyrical irony he is best known, but irony equally pervades his prose. It lay in his nature, and when he escaped across the Rhine into the liberated France of 1830 he allowed it free utterance ; for " Paris served as hospital for the political wounded of all Europe." There is a prophetic truth in the articles he wrote on Germany a few years later. He foresees the time when in Germany the Cross of Christ will be broken, and the savagery of the old warriors, the wild Berserker wrath, will break forth anew in all the barbaric fury of which Nordic poets tell in song and saga : (Mme. Vallentin quotes the passage) :

> Then will the old stone gods arise from under the accumulated rubbish of the past, and rub the dust of age from their eyes. Thor will leap forth, brandishing his mighty hammer, to break the Gothic cathedrals. When that day comes, and when you hear the hurly-burly and the rattle of arms, take good care, Frenchmen, and do not interfere with those affairs which we are settling among ourselves.

Such a forecast of modern Germany's condition seems the more remarkable since we think of Heine too much as the perfect singer of love-songs hardly surpassed by any since *Solomon's Song*. But on his coffin he wished to have a sword set in place of a wreath, because he had been a soldier in the army of freedom, and in one of his noblest poems he describes himself as " a Knight of the Holy Spirit." In Paris he knew not only all the great writers and musicians of those fertile days, such as Victor Hugo, Berlioz, and Wagner (who owed to Heine the idea of *The Flying Dutchman* and *Tannhäuser*), but he was also intimate with the Saint-Simonites, Fourier, Karl Marx, and Ferdinand Lassalle. He could not get on with the German theorists and doctrinaires who swarmed in Paris. He feared Communism, because " those gloomy iconoclasts with their horny hands will smash the marble statues of beauty, and the grocer will use my *Book of Songs* to make paper-bags to wrap up coffee or snuff for the old women of the future. But none the less," he continues, " I frankly admit that this same Communism, so hostile to my interests and my inclinations, exercises a charm upon me before which I am powerless."

In taking leave of a book which has brought before me again with such learning, judgment, and admiration the poet who has been a familiar spirit to me for fifty years, I would make only two exceptions to my praise. First, there is no Index, and, secondly, in Heine's famous account of his embarrassment at meeting Goethe, he tells us that, just as a common resource from shyness, he remarked to the great poet how good the plums were upon the road from Jena ; but the author makes the mistake of attributing the remark to Goethe, who certainly felt no embarrassment at meeting an unknown and apparently insignificant visitor. One word more : the authors are perhaps wise in translating Heine's poems into plain English prose, pleading that Heine is untranslatable. Yet Mr. Philip G. L. Webb has turned his verse into English verse so well that in reading it one thinks of the actual German words.

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Describing country by country and institution by institution is not an inspiring task, and the Coles have not invariably avoided the platitudinous or always found the fresh and vivid comment. But the discussion of the future of democracy in their last chapter is likely to encourage fertile thinking. They urge that liberty and parliamentary government, though historically related—and so closely related that the one may all too easily disappear with the other—are not necessarily coincident, and they can see no security for liberty as long as one section of society is in a position to own and restrict the basic economic services which should in a decent world be run, just as, say, our roads are now run, without the ordinary citizen having to bother his head about them. What is most required, in their view, is the opportunity for the ordinary man to be able to engage in numerous activities which concern his own local and functional environment, to belong to institutions which express the " collective attitude of a group of citizens engaged in a common service or possessing a common interest." They argue, with reason but perhaps with rather too much optimism, that a real democracy allowing for more initiative and freedom of criticism is in fact growing up within the " dictatorship of the proletariat " in Russia. They do not emphasise, as much as they might do, the disastrous loss of intellectual liberty that has accompanied the Russian revolution. But, if war is avoided, the facts suggest that even for the intellectuals liberty will increase in Russia as economic circumstances improve. It is too soon for certainty, but it is fair to point out that, if Russia does solve her economic problems, she will have no need of the kind of repression that must exist in every economy based on private ownership.

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phrase is apt to disguise superficiality of thought. His book does not discuss Rooseveltism, but it is throughout a defence of the idea which Mr. Lippmann sees behind the Roosevelt experiment. He begins by demonstrating that *laisser faire* is in any case a dead system and argues that there are two alternative systems: "Directed Economy or Absolute Collectivism," and "Compensated Economy or Free Collectivism." In the first category he puts both Fascism and Communism, while both Roosevelt America and British National Government appear to be illustrations of the second. His argument is that absolute collectivism involves military discipline and the destruction of freedom, while compensated economy is a new system now being developed by which the maladjustments of individual capitalism can be atoned for by wise State action. He totally misses the point that while Communism has in it the possibilities of growing into freedom, Fascism cannot do so by its very nature. He does not deny the technical difficulties of combining State regulation with private enterprise, and he admits that the pressure of vested interests is a continual difficulty. He looks forward to a regime, however, in which existing inequality will remain but will be compensated for by public works and State protection for those who do not succeed in the economic scramble.

I should hesitate to say that such a system was impossible, or that it may not last for many years. But that it can ever be in the least stable seems to me unlikely, both on economic and political grounds. As long as the sources of wealth remain in private hands restriction of plenty seems unavoidable and class inequality makes social peace impossible. "Compensated economy" in America has not as yet given results to justify Mr. Lippmann's optimism, and he does not explain how it is to work as more than a temporary expedient. But he makes one point about liberty towards the end of his book that I believe to be true and important. He says that individual liberty is bound up with the possession of property and that property means "substantial security of income necessary to existence." This income may be of many different kinds—my own preference is for family endowment—but "it must not be at the mercy of electoral majorities, official decrees, administrative decisions or the preferences of employers and other superior persons." Such security is not, I think, ever likely under capitalism and it is a defect of Socialist thinking that the attack on "property" is too often allowed to sound as if it might include personal property. The whole idea of property is commonly confused: we all need security of individual property and one of the great counts against capitalism is that so few have any such security. But no one ought to possess property which gives him a right to control the lives of others. It should be perfectly possible to have a regime in which no private individual owns factories or mines or armament shares, but in which everyone is secure in a guaranteed minimum and may, if he wants, own his own house. For ninety per cent. of the population Socialism would mean more property; it is a method of diffusing private property, not abolishing it. KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEW NOVELS

A Pin to See the Peepshow. By F. TENNYSON JESSE. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

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Lost Shepherd. By ROLAND LUSHINGTON. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Following a practice that seems to be growing quite common among modern English novelists, Miss Tennyson Jesse has founded her new book, *A Pin to See the Peepshow*, on the story revealed by a notorious murder committed in London some years ago. Unlike Miss Elizabeth Jenkins, whose *Harriet* stuck closely to the outlines of the Penge Murder Trial, Miss Jesse has taken considerable liberties with the simple, squalid and yet somehow supremely moving drama that culminated in the murder of a harmless unwanted husband, late one evening, beneath the gas-lamps of a prim suburban street. Julia was a more cultivated and thoughtful being than Edith Thompson; Leonard Carr a more engaging gallant than the young ship's-steward whom Mrs. Thompson—at least, according to the prosecution; for this view is disputed by criminologists—incited to take her tedious partner's

life. But the main facts of the story are the same. A woman with the temperament of a *grande amoureuse* pursues the career of small businesswoman and of faithful wife to the dull unimaginative man she has never loved. Passion reaches her in the shape of a man much younger than herself. It is very difficult—it is often impossible—for them to meet. Respectability dogs their footsteps at every turn; and the woman seeks refuge in a world where the pleasures of the imagination—the joy of writing and receiving passionate letters—deputise for the concrete pleasures of which they are thwarted.

The book ends with a double execution. After a confused scuffle in the street between her husband and lover, Julia Starling wakes up to the knowledge that she and Leonard Carr—for the purposes of the story, his ship is not a liner but a naval aircraft-carrier—are suspected of having deliberately plotted and contrived Herbert Starling's death. Julia, too, begins by refusing to admit that her husband's injuries had been caused by her lover. She, too, is overwhelmed by the fantastic private universe that she has built up for her own and her lover's benefit; and her last mood is that of horrified incredulity. . . . Do ordinary people commit crimes? She herself is so ordinary that she finds it hard to picture herself as the romantic and infamous figure, popularised by the daily press and soon to be annihilated by the public hangman:

> She'd never had a chance of anything she really wanted. That was why she'd always pretended. She'd only pretended Herbert's death, and it had suddenly come alive in spite of her. Now her own death was here, and she couldn't pretend any more. If, when morning came, she were to stay lying on her bed, pretending something quite different, they'd pull her up; they'd make her stand on her feet, they wouldn't let her go on pretending. She had come to that place where dreams fail.

In the earlier sections of the novel, Miss Jesse, with some skill but, I cannot help thinking, at rather unnecessary length, sets to work to depict the background that had made Julia Starling what she was: a woman who dreamed passionately, vividly, even murderously, of pleasures to which her temperament had given her a right but which economic circumstance had denied. Not till the opening of Book Three, on page 267, is the real basis of the narrative allowed to appear; and the preparatory sections are somewhat conventional. It is a pity that the novel has not been telescoped; for, towards the middle, a reader's interest is inclined to flag.

From the sins of Suburbia we turn to the passions of the French provinces. Provincial France, as every student of French fiction and of the French newspapers must perforce conclude, is a dark, sinister, melodramatic place; and, after the affair of the Sisters Papin, two degenerate and semi-idiotic servant girls (since raised by the Surrealistes to almost canonical rank) who attacked their miserly mistress and her middle-aged daughter, literally tore the two women to pieces and, having deposited a detached human eye on the stair-carpet, where it was discovered by the police, washed their hands and faces and quietly retired to bed, M. Green's most fantastic imaginings seem perfectly plausible. The world of M. Charles Braibant, however, though strange and dramatic enough, is a great deal less extravagant than that described by the author of *The Closed Garden*. The focus of M. Braibant's novel, *Le Roi Dort*, translated as *Dead Woman's Shoes*, is the character of a proud, possessive, domineering woman, one of those formidable French mothers to whom no good *fils de famille* ever dares to raise his voice in opposition. The portrait of the matriarch is beautifully drawn; hard but not austere, free-spoken but extremely stern in her attitude towards the moral conduct of her offspring, handsome and distinguished yet supported by iron nerves and an implacable will, she stands out from the sober background of the story. Her son, Aimée, remains a prisoner till the day of his death; in Paris, he contracts a liaison, and this secret and secondary life, with a charming mistress and the son whom he has begotten, he never dares reveal to the devoted tyrannical Madame Bertraux, though it is well known to Leonard Roger, the old schoolmaster who relates the story, and to many other inhabitants of his native village. Aimée himself is not very distinct; but Marlise Bertraux and the narrator are convincingly handled. There is a kind of subdued poetry about the telling that the English version has managed to preserve.

In the end, after Aimée's death, Marlise learns of the existence of her unsuspected grandson, and the great-grandson who has just been born, and decides that Remy shall be her heir. . . . The book is nicely balanced, unsentimental, unambitious in its method but uncommonly successful in its effect. As I have said, a kind of poetry pervades the style; and it is, more than anything else,

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the complete absence of what one can only call genuine—as apart from facetious or simulated—" poetic feeling " that makes *I See No Sin*, the first volume of a projected American tetralogy, so distressing and exhausting a book to read. Rhetoric and realism go hand in hand. Mr. Vardis Fisher tells the story of a sensitive and neurotic little boy, brought up in a family of rugged American farm-people. His mother is devout, cold, Puritanical; his father a man of immense vitality and unusual brutality and—Mr. Fisher treats his reader to a stomach-turning narrative of the horrid scenes that left an impression on Vridar's adolescence and of his haunted progress through the Valley of the Shadow of Puberty. Seldom have the miseries of masturbation been chronicled with a more solemn and depressing exactitude. . . .

The book is well-written, with ponderous energy; but, having been dragged at the chariot-wheels of Mr. Fisher's earnest and unsparing realism, from one dreadful episode to the next, down a vista of some four hundred and sixty pages, I picked myself up, battered and dispirited, slightly discouraged by the thought of the three, no doubt equally ponderous, volumes that are still to follow. Anything for a moment's peace and quiet. . . . Here, by way of relaxation, is Herr Fabricius, offering us a pleasant little book, *The Lions Starve in Naples*, that has to do with a German circus stranded in southern Italy and with the efforts of the lion-trainer, Saul, an heroic and impassive giant, to feed the famished animals under his charge. The story includes many amusing reflections on circuses in general and the Neapolitan temperament in particular; but translation does not seem to have done it justice, while the Teutonic jocosity of the author's mannerism is often a little trying. . . . Another novel that deserves more attention than it is likely to receive is Mr. Roland Lushington's *Lost Shepherd*, a story inspired by the family photograph-album and the mild ridiculousness that we associate with Edwardian clergymen, but which develops before the end into something solider. Mr. Lushington has an admirable sense of comedy, which he uses with good temper and restraint; and many episodes are worth reading as separate studies. He never mistakes humorous stone-throwing for literary marksmanship, or trounces a scarecrow with the air of dissecting a character.

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In fact, of course, people read the *Cambridge Modern History* to-day for facts, not for interpretation. Composite work can contain more learning, but is usually less illuminating than the work of a single intelligence. But the *Cambridge Modern History* remains a book which every history student wants. It is a compendium of knowledge, an invaluable source of reference. The publishers are to be congratulated on reprinting it at an extremely low price, our only regret being the absence of the bibliographies which, though now necessarily incomplete and out of date, were always one of the most valuable parts of the *Cambridge Modern History*. Many history students who are weary of having to " go to the Library to look up a point in the C.M.H." will be grateful for the chance to put these twelve volumes on their own shelves at a very reasonable price.

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and America, acting as critic and friend to the various companies and scarcely missing a performance. His first contact with a dancer was meeting little Alice Marks (afterwards Markova) at a party when he was six. He sees Diaghilev (a fairer view than Madame Nijinsky's) as a brilliant and well-informed dictator with a dictator's faults. All the people Mr. Haskell consulted agree that Diaghilev himself produced no ideas, choreographic or otherwise: his function was that of a magician presiding over a melting-pot. He had the gift of making others creative to an extraordinary degree. By selecting Larionov, Picasso, Fokine and other choreographers and painters and bringing them together; by insisting on perfection in the "classical" style of dancing, Diaghilev produced an ensemble which enormously affected our ideas of design. The schools of painting acquired new freedom from an alliance with moving figures. Mr. Haskell has scarcely touched on this aspect of Diaghilev's influence. Nor does he succeed in recalling Pavlova and other vanished dancers in a vivid way (What would one not give for a really good film of a Pavlova evening!). *Balletomania* is loosely written and lacks concrete detail; but Mr. Haskell's judgments on ballets and dancers are good. Every critic has blind spots, of course, and in an art so young as Russian ballet there is no critical tradition to check idiosyncrasies. Personally I cannot agree that Lopokova added nothing to the romantic figure of the Firebird: her firebird had a fey quality impossible to imitate. Further, while I agree that Massine's *Les Matelots*—a little masterpiece of cubist frivolity—excels Ninette de Valois' *Douanes*, I cannot share Mr. Haskell's admiration of his *Jeux d'Enfants* (a cubist experiment on the theme of *Boutique Fantasque*): the choreography seems to me patchy and the dance of the Amazons even feeble. If one wishes to see this ballet again it is mainly for the sake of Riabouchinska's Little Girl (the cream of this particular type of dancing) and Baronova's Top. The photographs of dancers from the Maryinsky period onwards are thoroughly worth having. They have been selected for poses which reveal personality rather than for sensational effect. There are a number of studies of the "Baby" stars Baronova, Toumanova and Riabouchinska—new idols for the adoration of the general public, which recognises the fame of Pavlova and Diaghilev but is otherwise hazy about ballet. Massine's pose as the bar-tender in *Union Pacific* captures a moment of magic, and there is a beautiful portrait of Pavlova.

Mr. Haskell's praise of the new symphonic ballets of Massine is just. *Choreartium* was a revelation—as much above the fine but too literary *Présages* as Brahms' music is above Tchaikovsky's. Never has music been so faithfully and so beautifully interpreted in terms of another art. The opening curtain of *Choreartium*, which rises upon an empty stage before the entry of Lichine and Toumanova or Baronova to the first notes of the violins, gave a complete value to the first movement, which has never really emerged in a concert hall where the first notes are drowned by shufflings and coughings.

OLGA MARTIN

B.O.P.

Red Saunders. By "SINBAD." *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Spin a Yarn, Sailor. By "SINBAD." *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

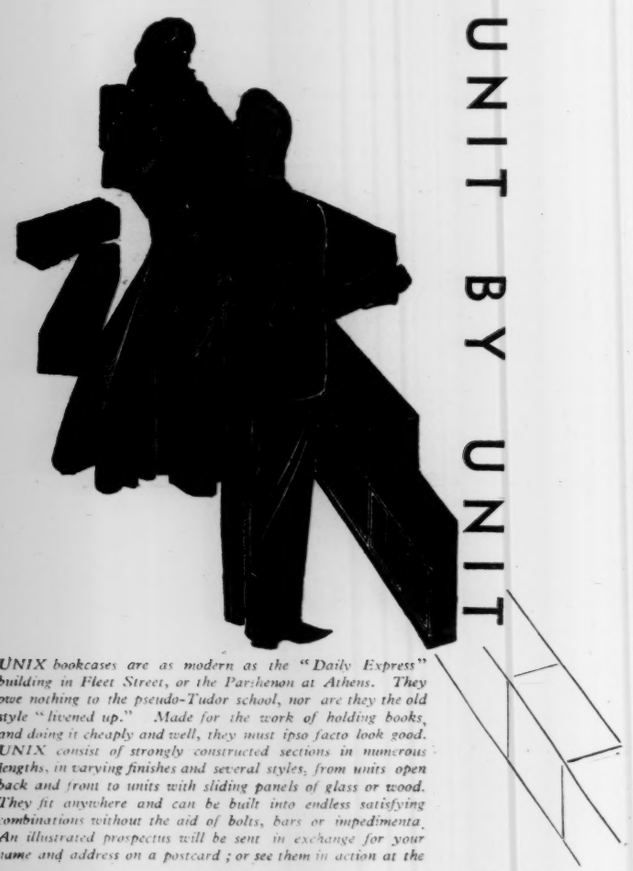
Neither of these two books is as good as "Sinbad's" autobiography. The short stories of *Spin a Yarn, Sailor*, are genuine sea stuff, but they are laboured; and the biography of Red Saunders is *Boy's Own Paper* where the autobiography was life. Very much in "Sinbad's" favour is the fact that he knows the sea and especially the days of sail. He is a mine of information and story and he has an eye for sea-bitten character. If his stories make heavy weather it is probably because he is encumbered with knowledge and feels literature has its eye upon him. I think also that American editors have talked to him about "the romance of the sea."

Red Saunders comes closer to the autobiography. Readers of that book will remember how "Sinbad" came across Red and joined forces with him on a treasure hunt. "Red" seems to have been in the South Seas in the 90's and was already a legend. He was the kind of man who is every schoolboy's hero. He is the "white man" *par excellence*, an astonishing period piece. It is a little hard to believe that this complete sahib, six feet four high, red-haired, and seventeen stone in weight, who appeared in Singapore with a broken heart, a harassed conscience and a copy of Percy's *Reliques*, because he had broken a man's back over a billiard table in defence of a lady's honour, really lived outside Henty, Ballantyne or the *B.O.P.*

But he did live. He *did* fall in with a hard-up Captain Carter of the schooner *Black Pearl*; he *did* get back the value of the incredulous Captain's stolen gems; he *was* nearly trapped in the thief's plot up the Fly River, where Red and the Captain had gone poaching on Dutch territory; he *was* in the great Samoan hurricane when Carter was lost and he *did* subsequently lead a life of adventure with the *Black Pearl*, on both sides of the law. Adventure was forced upon him because of the difficulty of making honest trading pay the barest expenses. In consequence he is seen with cargoes about which one asks no questions. There was, for example, the tinned meat off Zanzibar which was really ammunition. At intervals the jewel thief of "Red's" initiation into the South Sea racket turned up to avenge himself and was indeed responsible for Saunders's death. I accept "Sinbad's" word for this, but it struck me when I read it as a likely piece of faking. Saunders had been in opium smuggling to the Andaman Islands—he landed his cargo in a coffin—he took part in a prize-fight against a heavyweight champion at a circus. Owing to some local intrigue, he, his opponent and the little Cockney circus proprietor had to fly for their lives. His acquaintanceship with the adoring and grateful Cockney led to his most entertaining and most profitable adventure. He was carrying the man's menagerie aboard the *Black Pearl*. It was known as the Aggregation of Animals, Acrobats and Abnormities and included a tightrope walker, her pathetic persecutor, the Human Skeleton, a dowdy elephant, two moth-eaten tigers and a pair of pythons.

A hurricane burst upon the ship, the pythons escaped and the elephant ran amok, being thrown by the pitching vessel from one end of it to the other. The farce came to an end when Saunders sighted and boarded a derelict whose water tanks solved the problem of the elephant's enormous thirst. Opening a hatch Saunders discovered the hold was packed with negroes—a cargo of "black ivory" which had been abandoned to the storm by its Turkish captain. Saunders did well out of the salvage.

"Sinbad" tells the story well. True, Saunders is the god and hero, but "Sinbad's" naivety blends not unhappily with the simplicity of "Red." One wants to hear about the other side of his character. The loyal "Sinbad" mysteriously hints that a "change" came over "Red" at some time—probably when financial losses obliged him to give up the native crew which adored him.



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What, when he was not *B.O.P.*, was Saunders really like? One of the memorable character sketches is that of Saunders's first partner, Tod Carter, and the account of the coming of the Samoan hurricane in which Carter lost his life is very well done. There is no fine writing in the book but the ships, seamen and waterfronts of the East are well mixed into its swift and racy narrative.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

About Motoring

SPEEDIER AND SPEEDIER

UNLESS some of the eleventh-hour releases on the eve of Olympia prove more sensational than is anticipated, the 1935 motor cars will not add any radical innovation to the specification of the past. Indeed, a sedate owner might plausibly accuse the industry of a retrograde movement in one respect. I have just bidden farewell to a week-end visitor of the tramp motorist type, who drives a 1926 Clyno, fitted with a Climax engine. This ancient car has covered 70,000 miles, and has never demanded any major replacements; its cylinder block has never been rebored, its pistons have never been embraced by new rings, and its pristine performance is still adequately maintained. Of course, its speed is far below that furnished by modern engines of the same cubic capacity. They offer an infinitely more vivacious performance, for which their owners pay a definite penalty, in that their pistons or cylinder blocks, or both, swiftly lose all semblance of a fit. There are a multitude of private owners who would appreciate a modernised edition of this car, with an engine which could be trusted to run pleasantly for six or eight years with no other attention than decoking. Sir Herbert Austin is almost alone among the builders of cheap modern cars in respecting this demand; and part of the success of his firm is due to this wisdom. He has never yielded to the modern craze for high speed, and has uniformly aimed at a wise blend of performance with power maintenance and freedom from expensive overhauls. In sharp contrast most manufacturers seek to make us scrap our 1934 (or earlier) cars by raving of enhanced performance. They are perfectly honest. Their 1935 cars unquestionably offer a higher maximum speed; their 1935 speed is usually pleasanter than their 1934 speed; but speed is their god. A smallish car which cannot touch 70 m.p.h. is regarded as a little stodgy in many circles; and for those who can pay more money, speeds of 80, 90 or even 100 m.p.h. are guaranteed, and actually delivered. The purveyors of these projectiles are careful not to underline the price of such high performances, which is normally paid in two forms where comparatively inexpensive models are concerned. This price consists of petty troubles while the car is young, followed by the early generation of looseness and rattles in the engine, when the highly stressed pistons and cylinder barrels begin to register the wear inseparable from heavy pressures. A car of this type has been under my observation during the past twelve months, and although it has never given any serious trouble has proved quite expensive in repairs. To quote an actual example, it supplies 75 m.p.h. from an engine taxed at 12 h.p. This speed output demands a high oil pressure. If the working oil pressure with a warm engine must be maintained at 60 lbs. per sq. in., the initial pressure when the engine is cold and the oil thick may touch 100 lbs. per sq. in. Its expensive oil gauge is designed to stand a pressure of 200 lbs. per sq. in.—or so the makers say; but it has burst on three occasions while the engine was still cold, and this single petty item has cost the owner £3 during the year. The engine has now covered 15,000 miles, and various rattles suggest that ere long its owner must disburse a handsome sum for a complete overhaul of the pistons and cylinder block. But the salesmen at Olympia will not breathe one syllable of the essential outlay implied in purchasing a small car, catalogued at a moderate price, and designed to supply a high road performance.

These lively performances will constitute the spear-point of the trade's attack on our pockets at Olympia. For the rest they will ring the changes on the innovations of the last three or four years—preselector gears, knee-action springing, automatic clutches, free wheels, streamlined coachwork, synchromesh gear boxes, and the like. None of these carry any compensating disadvantages of a serious character. There has been a fair amount of trouble with freewheels, which may pass into disfavour. The streamlined coachwork possibly requires debunking, except where really

Local Government

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This book consists of ten lectures delivered as a University Course. The principal Local Government services as administered in this country are dealt with in turn, the history of the development of these services being traced and their future development discussed. A comparison is also made with types of Local Government abroad.

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Volume Eight—London Industries (III). **17s. 6d.**

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fast cars are driven by owners who utilise the full speed. This streamlining must be very skilfully carried out if it does not impose a certain degree of inconvenience as compared with a more straightforward type of body; and its alleged benefits in respect of additional speed and reduced fuel consumption are wholly imperceptible at rational speeds, and amount to a small fraction in the hands of a tolerably rapid traveller. Against the other modern innovations not one word can be said.

In all other respects, the 1935 cars are superior to their ancestors in a host of minor items which cannot be deemed terribly important. The cleverest industry in the world at making its 1934 customers discontented with their purchases is the radio industry, which annually manufactures receivers of slightly better performance, slightly greater convenience, and slightly more handsome appearance. But the motor-car manufacturers come an excellent second to the radio designers. My 1934 car may be swift, comfortable, docile, well-braked, well-sprung, silent, reliable, smart, and convenient. But one short journey in its 1935 daughter will reveal just sufficient contrast to make me desirous of a change. None of the vantages of the new car will be substantial; but the general impression created by a score of petty improvements will be decisive. If I do not sell my existing car, and buy the new model, I shall always be conscious of a spasm of envy when I sight a rival on the road. On this universal envy the whole psychology of motor-car salesmanship is based. It produces the grossest extravagance in the weaker citizens of every civilised nation, for it is accompanied by ridiculous depreciation in the second-hand values. Before the instalment system grasped the motor trade, a car of the previous year commanded a tolerable percentage of its original cost. To-day, when Jones can buy a brand-new car for an initial payment of £25, or by surrendering his old car and paying a small monthly sum, a used car becomes a drug on the market, and its value sinks to trivial dimensions.

Behind the main onslaught on our pockets, a very fierce and interesting battle is raging in the small car world. Last year the Ford people produced a very cheap and most excellent 8 h.p. car, which ate deep into the sales of certain British small cars. For 1935 these resentful British makers are making herculean efforts to recapture their lost market. They all offer vastly more attractive models in this field for 1935; and Ford has countered by introducing a new 10 h.p., which may possibly disappoint some of their expectations.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 239

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Four years ago, Mr. Francis Birrell and Mr. F. L. Lucas compiled an anthology called *The Art of Dying*, in which they collected the Last Words of many famous personages. The best of these sayings were short, a touch ironic (consciously or unconsciously) and characteristic of the speaker, often showing the ruling passion strong in death. Unfortunately the last words of many of the most interesting persons have been either uninteresting or unrecorded. This suggests that the eminent should in good time prepare an appropriate sentence with which to make their valediction. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best suggestion of Last Words for any *three* of the following characters: Columbus, Pope Alexander VI, Marlow, Sir Thomas Browne, Bishop Berkeley, Gibbon, Boswell, Catherine the Great, Horace Walpole, Jane Austen, The Duke of Wellington, Karl Marx, Macaulay, Ruskin, Dr. Bowdler, Mrs. Eddy, Napoleon III, W. G. Grace, Queen Victoria, Cézanne, Mr. Balfour, Proust, Freud, Al Capone, Einstein, Rockefeller, Hitler, and Mae West.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 19.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 237

Set by Richard Church

I am always impressed by the magnificent freedom of the speed-cops as they cruise about in their sports models. I should like to hear the soliloquy of one of them delivered in the appropriate rhythm and form of two stanzas from Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

Report by Richard Church

This competition has struck a vein of enthusiasm, and the quality of the entries is good; so good, in fact, that I am bound to mention a number of competitors who might justly be coupled with the Second Prize-winner, except that minor faults (for which I am grateful) have enabled me to make the necessary distinction. "Chauve-Souris" has not quite captured the Shelleyan speed, her verse being too rigidly cut to conform to the pentameter, so that her line-end pauses are monotonous. E. W. Fordham is lacking in fire, but he has a good phrase in "panic-stricken multitudes" which comes near to the original "pestilence stricken." Sir Horace Munro has a magnificent line,

"The last pedestrian lies upon the bier."

But otherwise his verses do not rise above the level of the other entries. "Raphanus" has lost control of his vowels in

"Anything but a curse to thee or eke to me"

where he has three open *e's* together, which would have hurt Shelley's ear. L. V. Upward is not quite up to his usual good form this week, though I like his variation on the original with "awe-stricken multitudes."

T. E. Casson has a touch of Erasmus Darwin in his phrase "Einstein, the mathetic lord," though the phrase is a bit far-fetched in this connection. Alec Davis is disqualified because his speed-cop's soliloquy is a hymn to "Motor Spirit, breath of speed-cop's being." I advise him to try it on Shell-Mex.

Undoubtedly the best entry is from William Bliss, who takes the First Prize with

ODE TO SPEED

By a very young Speed-cop, recently appointed.

In imitation of the first and last stanzas of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind."

O sweet, swift Speed, breath of all drivers' being,
Thou, by whose subtle philtre their trancèd souls
Are driven, like murderers from justice fleeing—
Sunbeam and Singer, Talbot, Riley, Rolls,
Intoxicated multitudes! O thou
Who most contributest to Charon's tolls,
Sending him sheaves for harvesting below,
Filling Earth's graves with corpses—yet who still
Dost make thy lovers more insensate grow
And their hot veins with fiercer passion fill
To clasp thee as thou sound'st thy clarion clear,
Fleeing before them over plain and hill;
Wild Spirit! thou who castest out all fear,
Destroyer and Avenger; Hear, oh hear!

* * *

Make me thy lyre,* even as my colleagues are
(Though yet their deeper notes I may not know);
Give me to overtake each weaker car
And multiply the M.P.H. they go
By thrice and four times! Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, until I grow
Adept, unscrupulous as they—or worse—
Pedestrian facts of Time and Space to scorn
And care not for dull Truth a tinker's curse!
Let me, in Relativity new-born,
Be the relentless flail of motor-kind,
Their dread Recording Angel's Klaxon-horn,
Till all are clapped in quod, as well as fined! . . .
If Road-Hogs speed, shall Cops be far behind?

WILLIAM BLISS

* This word may be spelt either way without much affecting the poet's meaning, but I have thought it better to follow Shelley's orthography.

That opening is a remarkably fine pice of parody, catching both spirit and form of the original, while "intoxicated multitudes," and the variant of Shelley's last line (made so famous by Mr. Hutchinson, the Second-Decade Novelist) are worth pointing out.

The Second Prize goes to W. Summers, who begins his verses, like Mr. Fordham, with "O wild West End," but holds the course better,

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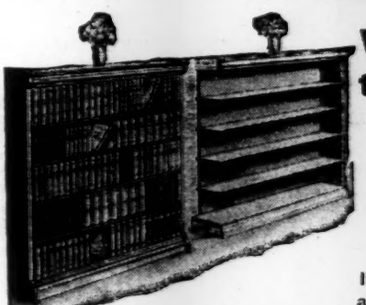

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besides introducing a realistic element of the modern gangster toughness which old-fashioned people, no doubt mistakenly, associate with the mobile police.

SECOND PRIZE

O wild West End, the lights of Piccadilly
Are dearer far to me than any mead
Where blows the vulgar orchis or the lily,
For here, unlike mere citizens—indeed,
Lord of the Crossings and the Silence Zone!
Where others crawl, in majesty I speed.
With chariot slim, well worthy of the tone
That latterly distinguishes the Force,
A cut above the average I am shown
Chasing romantic evil to its source:
Lightly discounting sway and swerve and skid,
Envied of men—and women too, of course,
Modern knight riders of the—blimey, Sid!
Go a bit steady. Nearly *got* that kid!

Swing through the gap—now what's all this commotion?
Only some Fascists. They can do no wrong:
Go by Hieronimo. There's no promotion.
What, shall we stoop to mingle with the throng?
Sidney, who touches pitch shall be defiled.
See how they scatter at our chaste-rung gong,
Scatter like withered leaves in whirlwind wild,
And thus our legal power and might is shown,
Public preservers and destroyers mild.
Lords of the Highway, Rangers of the Town,
From whom no name or number may be hid,
Speed-kings uncrowned, we always keep the crown,
Step on it, open her, and—Blimey, Sid!
Twice in one evening. *Nearly* got that kid!

W. SUMMERS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 94.—INTELLIGENCE TESTS

"Rather fun, Miss Queerie's intelligence tests," said Joy. "'Seventeeners,' she called them. We had a lot of them the fortnight we were in camp."

"Why 'seventeeners'?" I asked.

"Why," said Joy, "for some obscure reason the winner of each test received one and fivepence. Seventeen pence, d'you see? But each of us had to lose a penny for every test she didn't win."

"At that rate," said I, "some of you might have had to fork out."

"We did," said Joy. "I, for instance, lost half a crown on balance. Still, I wasn't dissatisfied. Miss Queerie, who made up the difference between our winnings and our losses, contributed thirty shillings. If we'd had twelve tests a day, as was originally planned, she'd have had to cough up even more. It was an interesting affair; each of us won at least one test but no two of us won the same number."

How many tests did Joy win?

PROBLEM 92.—THE LITERARY DINNER PARTY

It is easily ascertained that

Mrs. Allblah is the dramatist,
Blethering is the essayist,
Canto is the historian,
Mrs. Ditherwell is the novelist,

and that the diners were seated (starting clockwise from the host):

T — Mrs. C — B — Mrs. D —
C — Mrs. B — A — Mrs. T —
D — Mrs. A.

Hence Mrs. Tufthunter (the hostess) sat on Ditherwell's right.

PROBLEM 91.—THE FIVE LIARS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: L. G. Upton, 43, Hunter Road, Southsea, Hants.

There were 152 correct solutions. *Seven* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

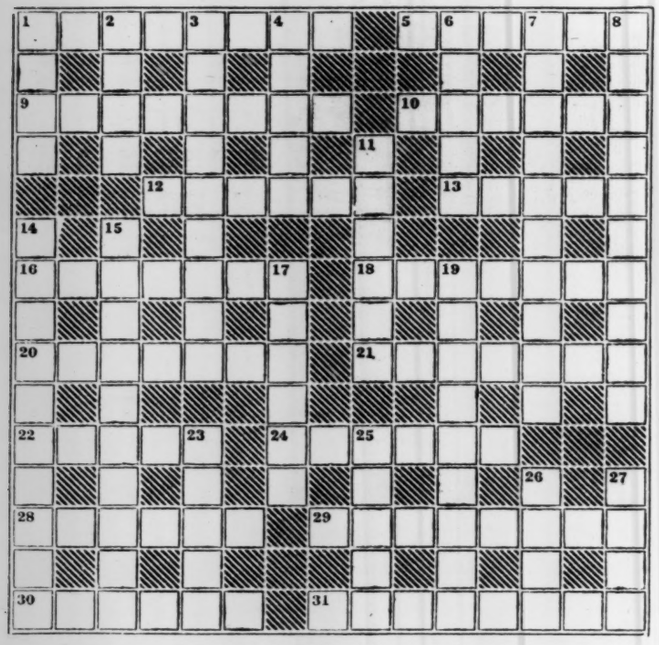
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 240

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. G. MacIntyre, 48 Falkland Mansions, Glasgow, W.2.

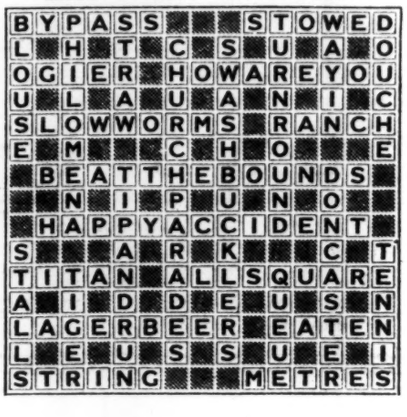
ACROSS

1. An affair in which a lot of worrying is caused by teeth.
5. The lion sounds like an unsound horse.
9. Physiological fighter, not a bodily enemy.
10. "So Lord Howard past away . . Till he—like a cloud in the silent summer heaven."
12. The line for modern craft.
13. Cool so long as it is singular.
16. Forcibly 30.
18. Flute for architects.
20. Write Henry about the gold reverse.
21. Chequers in Town.
22. 'E sounds like a close finish to a 'orse race.
24. What you might have envied in the salad.
28. When legged it produced playful argument.
29 Women expect to have it argumentatively.
30. {n, i, o} J
31. Sort of giver who is affectionately regarded in heaven.

DOWN

1. "An inhuman wretch . . . void and empty from any—of mercy."
2. Where David would not have bad news told.
3. Sandwiched.
4. It's thoroughly English to have this sort of row.
6. What Antony's legs bestrid.
7. A "backing" fee?
8. Like Burns's love.
11. Made with lips or hands, or by the boatbuilder.
14. Utensil for a mermaid's kitchen?
15. A puncture calls it into use on the road.
17. It sounds as though one could get over these fashions.
19. Spiritual base for the Elixir of Life?
23. Fateful ladies of the North.
25. "Oh!—will find me long before I tire Of watching you."
26. Makes a warped crossing.
27. Worshipful form of Lido.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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